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BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN. By Post, 6½d.



PRIVATE RECEPTION OF THE AMEER OF AFGHANISTAN'S SON, HIS HIGHNESS THE SHAHZADA NASRULLAH KHAN, AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

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OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

A good deal is expected—and, to do him justice, not in vain—of the London police magistrate. That he should be a terror to evildoers is, of course, his calling; but that he should be the guide, philosopher, and friend of the poorer classes might well be considered an extra, and not in the bond. This office, however, he cheerfully undertakes. It is vulgarly supposed that to “ask a policeman” is to be placed in possession of every information, but his intelligence is overrated; whereas every branch of the tree of knowledge is to be found in the “Beak,” like the olive-leaf in that of the dove. Like the husband in the poem, “he threads the labyrinth of the mind, he reads the secret of the star,” “he knows a thousand things,” and, like the wife, though he does not (at least, upon the bench) “sing,” he “knows the matters of the house,” including drains, water-supply, and how much parrot or piano can be inflicted on the party next door. Still, there is a limit even to what is to be expected of a London magistrate, as was discovered the other day. The assistance required of him was certainly unusual, but if I had been in his place I should have stretched a point and obliged the applicant. A lady complained that her pretty daughter was annoyed by the attentions of a young man who was distasteful to her. He was not on those terms which are implied by the phrase “walking out,” yet he insisted on going home with her when she returned from work. “But what do you want me to do?” inquired his Worship. “I should like you to see her home,” she replied, “and protect her.” This he declined—it seems to me with some want of gallantry—to do; upon the plea, I suppose, that it was after office hours. And he was a young magistrate too.

A curious case of death through a comparatively slight cause arrived recently from a man putting his arm through a window. An artery was severed, and a doctor at the inquest declared that “every drop of blood in his body” was lost in consequence. Every drop, of course, includes the last drop. We often hear of a man offering to shed the last drop in his body for some good cause or another—the Eight Hours Bill or compulsory teetotalism—and never without a smile. We do not think it probable, or even possible, yet he has only to put his fist through a window—instead of brandishing it in the faces of those who differ from him—and the thing, it seems, can be done.

The revelations of Mr. Arthur Orton have come a little late, but let us still hope they will be of advantage to him, as, indeed, I have no sort of doubt they will be, even if confession were not good for the soul. A quarter of a century ago they would have saved a good deal of time and nearly a hundred thousand pounds, mostly of public money; but he would not have laid the gentlemen of the long robe under such deep obligations. If lawyers were wont to canonise their patrons there should be a St. Arthur in brass niched over the old court in Westminster. If we had been favoured with this work even ten years ago it would have fluttered a good many dovescotes whose too innocent inmates had expressed their belief in him; but most of them have passed away, and we will hope he will spare the survivors to whose credulity he owed his support. Still, there are some people who will look forward to the history of his recognisances—no, his “Recognitions”—with some alarm. Of some evildoers one would say that the making a clean breast of it, even at the eleventh hour, must be a satisfaction, but in the present case one cannot but conclude that the satisfaction will be measured by what he has got for doing it. As the well-known epigram puts it, Arthur Orton has done so many things that Arthur oughtn't. Still, the novelty of telling the truth for once in his life will have a certain charm for him. To judge by his literary performances in the witness box, he will probably have to be severely edited. His cynical philosophy gives the impression of being borrowed: “As long as I can remember, from the time when I was a boy until now, I never believed in a man, much less a woman, and I never trusted either.” This is hard, considering how many men and women once believed in him; but the statement is probably “lifted,” like his famous dictum about brains and money, from the pages of the novelist. Still, coming from such a mouth as his, even at second-hand, how contemptible it seems to render cynicism! For my part, however, I have no wish to be hard upon the “Bart of the BK”: I am under obligations to him; for the only five-pound bet I ever made was laid against his claim and realised.

No birthday honour in the recent list will give greater or more general satisfaction than that which has been conferred upon Walter Besant. It is rare indeed to find Literature thus recognised. With one or two exceptions, it has not happened since the days of another Sir Walter, who still lives in our hearts, and whose title is the least honoured part of him. Men of letters are said to be jealous of one another, though, for my part (and I have known a good many), I have seen nothing of it, but no selection could have been made less likely to provoke that feeling than in the present case; for Walter Besant, besides his great merits as a novelist, and one, too, who has never stooped to the temptation to which so many have succumbed

in these days—of appealing to the baser passions—has laid his calling under great obligations, and worked for it unceasingly with little acknowledgment or response. Nor, as we all know, has he confined his philanthropic efforts to the members of his own profession, but has been most careful, far beyond it, “to remember the poor.”

It was recently proposed in a Conservative journal that our greatest cricketer should partake of the birthday honours. “It is our national game, we are told, and W. G. has done more than any other man to popularise it.” It was an error to mention only his initials, since it has caused a confusion with another “W. G.,” who has been equally familiar with “the stump,” though his scores in that particular line have not been recorded. A little reflection should have convinced these doubters that a Conservative organ would never have proposed that this other eminent person should be knighted. It is, of course, W. G. Grace who is referred to. For my part, I have no sort of objection to his having his innings in this way: if it is right to have a run for one's money, why not for one's title, and “W. G.” has had many runs. But is cricket our national game? Mrs. Caudle, a well-known authority, affirmed it to be cribbage. Mrs. Sarah Battle thought it was whist. *Bell's Life*, I remember, once gave this proud title (though, to be sure, it was only in an advertisement) to “nurr and spell.” Then there's football, with more than “a kick in it,” if it comes to rivalry, and that new public favourite, golf, which should, by-the-by, be pronounced “gowf,” like the growl of a dog. There seems, in fact, almost as many claimants for the distinction as for the Laureateship. Why should not the champions of all the games have birthday honours? Until yesterday it seemed they were more likely to get them than our men of letters.

How we ought to sympathise with the historical mistakes of our schoolboys, if we were honest about our own errors, and the way in which we mix occurrences ourselves! I should not be surprised if many of my readers confused, as I have done myself, the Courtenay riots with mediæval history; not quite so far back, perhaps, as Wat Tyler's time, but not much after that of Sir Thomas Wyatt's little venture. And yet an old gentleman died only the other day who was present at the final catastrophe of the “Courtenay rising.” Not one person in a hundred has probably ever heard of it save from Ainsworth's romance of “Rookwood,” though it took place no earlier than 1838. Courtenay's real name was Thom, the son of a small farmer at St. Columb, in Cornwall; but after making some money as a maltster in Liverpool, he stood for Canterbury in 1832 against Lord Fordwich, as Sir William Courtenay. He was beaten, but his success in securing supporters was extraordinary. After some trouble with the Revenue officers, involving a prosecution for perjury, he was shut up in a lunatic asylum for four years, and on his liberation was patronised by a gentleman of fortune, near Boughton, in Kent, over whom he obtained great influence. He dressed in the most picturesque manner, wore a magnificent coal-black beard, and impressed the whole peasantry of the neighbourhood. At last he pretended to be the Redeemer, and attached to himself a crowd of worshippers. As the farmers lost the services of their labourers, they applied for a warrant for his apprehension, and on a constable venturing to present it Courtenay shot him dead, collected a still larger troop of followers, and practically declared a war against society. The military were called out, and a conflict ensued at Bessenden Wood between a hundred soldiers and the rioters. Courtenay shot Lieutenant Bennett, who commanded the troops, with his own hand, and his misguided followers fought desperately. Eight of them were killed on the spot, and seven-and-twenty wounded, and only when Courtenay himself was killed did they seek safety in flight. Though sentence of death was passed on the prisoners by Lord Denman, at Maidstone assizes, their lives were spared in consequence of the influence Courtenay had exercised over them. He was possessed of great ability, spoke with eloquence, and had an extensive knowledge of the Scriptures. For years afterwards his second advent was expected by the more fanatic of his Kentish adherents. Mr. Francis, the recently deceased gentleman who witnessed the conflict in the wood, was a surgeon, and gave evidence before the Royal Commission that was appointed to inquire into the matter.

A well-known literary agent, Mr. Colles, has been interviewed and reported in a recent issue of the *Daily Chronicle*. He gives an interesting account of the use (though not of the abuse) of the middleman in literature. Of course, he sees matters from his own point of view, but upon the whole gives a good account of his *raison d'être*. There is no doubt that authors have been materially benefited by this new calling, especially those novelists who appear in serials. In my opinion the agent lays too much stress on the mere trouble he saves the author in selling his wares: this is something, of course, but not worth the seven-and-a-half, and in some cases ten, per cent. charged for his services. Authors are not men of business, and selling one's own book is not an agreeable occupation, but one may buy ease too high. On the other hand, the agent has opportunities of “placing” a story which

do not occur to the writer himself: he does not know and has no means of knowing what magazines or newspapers are in want of one. This is of great importance to him. I am glad to read that Mr. Colles is not in favour of literary contracts greatly in advance. There is sure to be deterioration sooner or later. There is a story of someone dining with a financier and finding fault with the soup, which, he suggested, was made of “deferred stock.” There may be some such objection some day to the work of the deferred author. Mr. Colles is, however, sanguine enough to think that as authors are paid more highly they will write less and give more time and pains to their productions. He does not seem to think much of the present rage for short stories. It is, in fact, only a little improvement on the passion for snippets. There is no room in them either for the development of plot or character. Of course, there are some subjects which only lend themselves to this form of literature, and no one wishes to see them extended by “padding”; but however excellent in themselves, they belong to an inferior class of fiction.

It is not to be denied, however, that the modern taste for brevity is preferable to that which formerly existed for preposterous length. When there were few books their authors seem to have thought that readers could not have had too much of them, and, indeed, the admirers of Richardson's tedious works used to complain bitterly that there was not another volume. Origen's little heresies fill six thousand volumes, the cause of perdition, as Myles Davies tells us, both to himself and to them. “The Similitude,” by Zoroaster, is said to have “taken up the space of 1260 hides of cattle”; it was presumably in quarto, bound in calf. It might well have been observed of him, as of another voluminous writer, that “his body might have been buried with his writings,” an operation, however, that strikes one as too much like that of seething a kid in its mother's milk.

A literary club, I read, has expressed the amazing intention of asking the “twenty leading female novelists” to join them at dinner. The judgment of Paris might have required more delicacy (on account of its peculiar circumstances), but could hardly have been attended with greater difficulty. Who is to be the judge of their pre-eminence? Is it to be decided by circulation, or the “higher criticism”? And what will be the fate of these favoured few at the hands of their uninvited sisters? How they will sneer at the compliment, though (*non invitâ Minervâ*) they would not, perhaps, have been unwilling to have it paid to themselves! There is danger of discord at the very feast, unless the principle of selection has been carefully attended to. No lady novelist, of course, is old; but will the long established favourites relish the company of the “last joined” in fiction? Will they stand their conversation, which, to judge by their books, must be risky, or their manners, which must be masculine? Will not the cigarette, at what used to be dessert time, be resented? A dignified rebuke was once administered by one of these elder novelists to a junior, who was talking too freely in her drawing-room, “Do you not think,” she said, “that we had better join the gentlemen?” Well, now they are going to do it. As to precedence when the invidious choice has been made, Addison, in the *Spectator*, has suggested a capital plan. “The author of a folio,” he says, “should be always placed above the author of a quarto, the author of a quarto above the author of an octavo, and so on, by a gradual descent and subordination, to an author in the twenty-fours. This distinction is so well observed that in an assembly of the learned I have seen a folio writer place himself in an elbow-chair when the author of a duodecimo has, out of deference to his superior quality, seated himself on a squab.” Of folios and quartos we now know nothing, but a lady who has written three-volume novels should certainly have the *pas* of one who has confined her genius to the production of snippets.

There are many cases of crime where youth is very properly pleaded in mitigation of punishment, but in others it is only an exaggeration of the offence. A man who murders an old woman for ninepence ought by rights to be of mature age; the younger he is, the more likely he is to be a curse to society, and the greater the necessity for putting an end to him. Animal passions are more excusable in him than in his seniors, but the lust of cruelty is not. Though inherent to a certain extent in boys, it is alien to the adolescent nature, which, if often reckless and selfish, is kindly. Some of our dispensers of justice seem to be bad judges as regards these matters. Two lads of seventeen, convicted the other day of torturing sparrows, went unpunished on account of their youth! If they had been seven instead of seventeen, this plea might have been permitted. Another, three years older, who kicked a constable in so cowardly and merciless a manner as to have maimed him for life, has had his punishment mitigated for the same reason. It is a pity that the possession of some knowledge of human nature should not be insisted upon in those who are appointed to correct its frailties. From torturing a sparrow to kicking a helpless constable is as natural a development as any to be found in Darwin, and has been almost literally portrayed by the deathless pencil of Hogarth.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

FAIR CHILDREN AT THE GRAFTON GALLERY.

It is not the fault of the projectors and managers of this exhibition that it but incompletely fulfils the object they doubtless had in view. In starting they probably wished to limit their "Fair Children" to such as had borne names and could be identified personally or through their parents. The temptation to stray into the byways of imaginative portraiture was, however, too great to be surmounted, especially when dealing with artists of our own school, and we have no reason to complain. On the other hand, one cannot but regret that, when turning aside to the wholly *genre* work of Franz Hals and Ostade, they should not have made an effort to include specimens of the religious work of Fra Angelico and Raffaele, who, in their respective ways, stand supreme among the painters of children. Meanwhile, we must be thankful to have one such vigorous and truthful work from the master-brush of Velasquez as the "Don Balthazar Carlos" (71), with his gun and dogs, and we can only regret that the other works attributed to the same artist convey so little of his real power in the painting of children of royal and noble birth. Among the Flemish artists, from whom the English most directly trace descent, Rubens is also inadequately represented by the exceedingly "homely" figure of Ernest Augustus, Elector of Hanover (157) and the charming group of "Cupids Harvesting" (88), which, however, is scarcely more than a finished sketch. Nor can Vandyck, whom we may classify as Flemish or English according to fancy, be said to be represented with that distinction his reputation merits, although eight portraits bear his name. Of the earlier masters, Holbein, Mabuse, Clouet, and Titian also occupied themselves with painting children, and the last-named, as seen in the picture lent by Lord Wantage (65), took all pains to make his work brilliant and attractive.

The exhibition, however, for the most part deals with English children painted by English artists, and some may think that the committee would have acted more wisely in limiting themselves to national products, and to have illustrated even more strikingly the two best periods of child-painting in this country—the end of the last and the end of the present centuries.

Reynolds, although he stands in the first rank as the painter of children in the past, was by no means alone. Gainsborough, Hoppner, and Romney were in many ways successful rivals, although the first named is scarcely seen to advantage in the half-dozen works by which he is represented. Of these, however, "Miss Linley and her Brother" (127) is in all ways a most brilliant and delightful production; but the version of "The Cottage Girl" (103) lent by Lord Carrington very imperfectly recalls the impression conveyed by the "Basset" original. Nevertheless, under all conditions, the barefoot child, with her dog under her arm, will remain one of the most thoroughly characteristic works of the artist. Hoppner is not adequately represented by the portrait of "Leicester Fitzgerald Stanhope," afterwards fifth Earl of Harrington; but Romney is seen to better advantage in "The Bashful Child" (126), whose identity, if a portrait, is left in obscurity.

The managers, however, have been more fortunate in obtaining several interesting portraits of children by Reynolds, to whom we owe an additional debt of gratitude for turning the attention of his contemporaries to the old Italian masters rather than to Greuze, who had set the fashion for prettiness both in France and our own country. The "Puck" (131), lent by Mr. George Fitzwilliam, is, as Walpole well described it at the time of its first being exhibited, "an ugly imp sitting on a mushroom as big as a milestone, but inexhaustible of character and splendidly spirited." According to the tradition, Sir Joshua painted the original picture from a child he had found on his doorstep in Leicester Fields. It subsequently came into the possession of Samuel Rogers, and at the sale of his pictures it was said that the child, who had become a porter in a brewery, was in the room. Rogers was also the possessor of a version of "The Strawberry Girl"—not Lord Lansdowne's (179)—of which Reynolds, who considered it one of his best works, painted at least half-a-dozen replicas. The original of the Strawberry Girl was Miss Theophila Palmer, who has also shared with Miss Morris the honour of having sat for the child in "Hope Nursing Love" (124), while "Robinetta" (144), well known to visitors to Knoles, was Miss Lewis. These and others represent fairly the variety of Reynolds's style, but the survey would be incomplete without the thoroughly humorous "Infant

Johnson" (155), which was supposed to convey the idea of what the great lexicographer must have been when a baby.

One passes on from the group of which Reynolds is the central figure to our own days, when his place seems to have been more completely occupied by Millais than by any other competitor for fame, although in this gallery he is not to be seen at his best, "Lady Peggy Primrose" (211), "Orphans" (206), and "Bubbles" (209), having to be accepted as specimens of his direct and imaginative portraiture. But if it was Sir John Millais who set the fashion for children's portraits in later times, there were others who were ready to turn the aggressiveness of the rising generation to good account. Mr. Sant, Mr. Watts, and Sir Frederick Leighton have identified themselves in many cases with this branch of art; and several interesting works from their hands have been brought together. Mr. Whistler, too, it must not be forgotten, once painted a "Fair Child," Miss Alexander (207), a full-length figure full of infantine grace and simplicity. It is placed close to a *chef d'œuvre* of M. Carolus Duran, "Beppino" (205), in which the child's self-consciousness is betrayed notwithstanding the desire of the artist to make the pose natural.

Common, where about five thousand soldiers and blue-jackets were paraded. After lunching at Government House, the Shahzada left the Harbour station for Victoria. A guard of honour of the Coldstream Guards was drawn up to receive the royal visitor. When the special train arrived at five o'clock, Lord Carrington, the Lord Chamberlain, was at once introduced, and then presented the Secretary of State for India (Mr. H. H. Fowler, M.P.), Lord Reay, and other distinguished gentlemen. Thousands of the public enjoyed a good view of the Shahzada as he was driven to Dorchester House, which will be his abode during the visit. His frock-coat was covered with gold lace, and the astrakhan cap which he wore was adorned with a fine star of brilliants. His princely appearance made a favourable effect immediately, and he was greeted in the streets with enthusiasm.

The Prince's sight-seeing commenced with an arduous day on May 25. Before ten o'clock in the morning he left Dorchester House for Marlborough House, where he mounted one of the Prince of Wales's horses; he set forth with the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of York, and a brilliant following of generals, to attend the trooping of the colour. This ceremony at the

Horse Guards, in official celebration of the Queen's seventy-sixth birthday, was rendered all the more interesting by the presence of the Afghan Prince and his retinue. After his return to Dorchester House, the Prince of Wales and other members of the royal family paid formal visits to the Shahzada, who duly returned them in the course of the day. In the evening he dined at the India Office, and afterwards attended Lady Tweedmouth's reception at Brook House. It was not surprising that the young Prince was too fatigued on Sunday to pay an intended visit to the Zoo.

Early on Monday morning, May 27, he travelled to Windsor, where he was received by the Queen. The visit to the great grey Castle was very brief, for shortly after noon he left Windsor for London in order to be present at the Levée. The Shahzada was treated with the greatest dignity on the occasion of his introduction to his imperial hostess, and doubtless was impressed with his first sight of her Majesty in her historic home. He communicated to the Queen a message from his father, the Ameer, expressive of his respect for her Majesty. The Shahzada also thanked the Queen for the hearty welcome which he had received at the hands of her subjects throughout his journey to this country, and since his arrival in England.

Dorchester House is one of the finest mansions in London. It was built, with magnificent disregard of cost, by the late Mr. Holford, and is now the property of Captain G. L. Holford, C.I.E., Equerry-in-Waiting to the Prince of Wales. The house and its contents are certainly worth half a million of money. There is accommodation for over one hundred persons, and as the suite of the Shahzada is very large, it would have been impossible to find a more dignified and commodious residence. Sentries have been placed outside Dorchester House, and by other means the public is made aware of the importance of the mansion's royal occupant.

Having rested at Dorchester House on May 28—occupying some of his time in dictating a record of events for the benefit of the Ameer—the Shahzada was able to undertake some further sight-seeing on May 29. Being "Derby Day," of which he had heard even in distant Afghanistan, he was delighted with the prospect of visiting the famous Epsom Downs. He joined the special train by which many royalties journeyed from London, and witnessed the great race with evident interest and amusement. A very full programme has been compiled for Nasrullah Khan's further enjoyment. After his London experiences have concluded, it is expected that he will visit some of the great provincial cities.

THE EAST AFRICAN EXHIBITION AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

The many other attractions of the Crystal Palace have lately been increased by a highly natural representation of a Somali village. There are sixty-five Somali natives who engage in various characteristic occupations—racing on dromedaries, shooting with the bow and arrow, and the like. Herren Hagenbeck and Menges have certainly succeeded in giving a very interesting spectacle which may be witnessed in the fine sports ground recently opened. The Somalis come from the western part of North Somaliland, and seem contented with their novel surroundings. They have countenances which are "child-like and bland" in apparent innocence. The native costume is decidedly picturesque, and a pretty caravan scene concludes a capital entertainment.



Photo by Fradelle and Young.

SIR LEWIS MORRIS.

Born at Carmarthen in 1832; educated at Sherborne and Jesus College, Oxford. His most popular volumes of poems are "Songs of Two Worlds," "The Epic of Hades," and "Songs Unsung." Sir Lewis has been a Liberal candidate thrice.



Photo by Russell and Sons.

SIR WALTER BESANT.

Born in 1838 at Portsmouth; educated at King's College and Christ's College, Cambridge. Wrote, with James Rice, "Ready Money Mortiboy." Since this collaborator's death his novels have included "All Sorts and Conditions of Men" and "Children of Gibeon."



Photo by Elliott and Fry.

SIR WILLIAM MARTIN CONWAY.

Is the author of "Climbing and Exploration in the Karakoram Himalayas," and of other books dealing with mountaineering. Is chairman of the Society of Authors, and Liberal candidate for a division of Bristol. Has made valuable contributions to geography.



Photo by Elliott and Fry.

SIR WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL.

Born March 28, 1821; educated at Trinity College. Joining the *Times*, he did great service as the pioneer war-correspondent in the Crimean War. Was present during the Indian Mutiny, the American Civil War, and the Franco-German War.

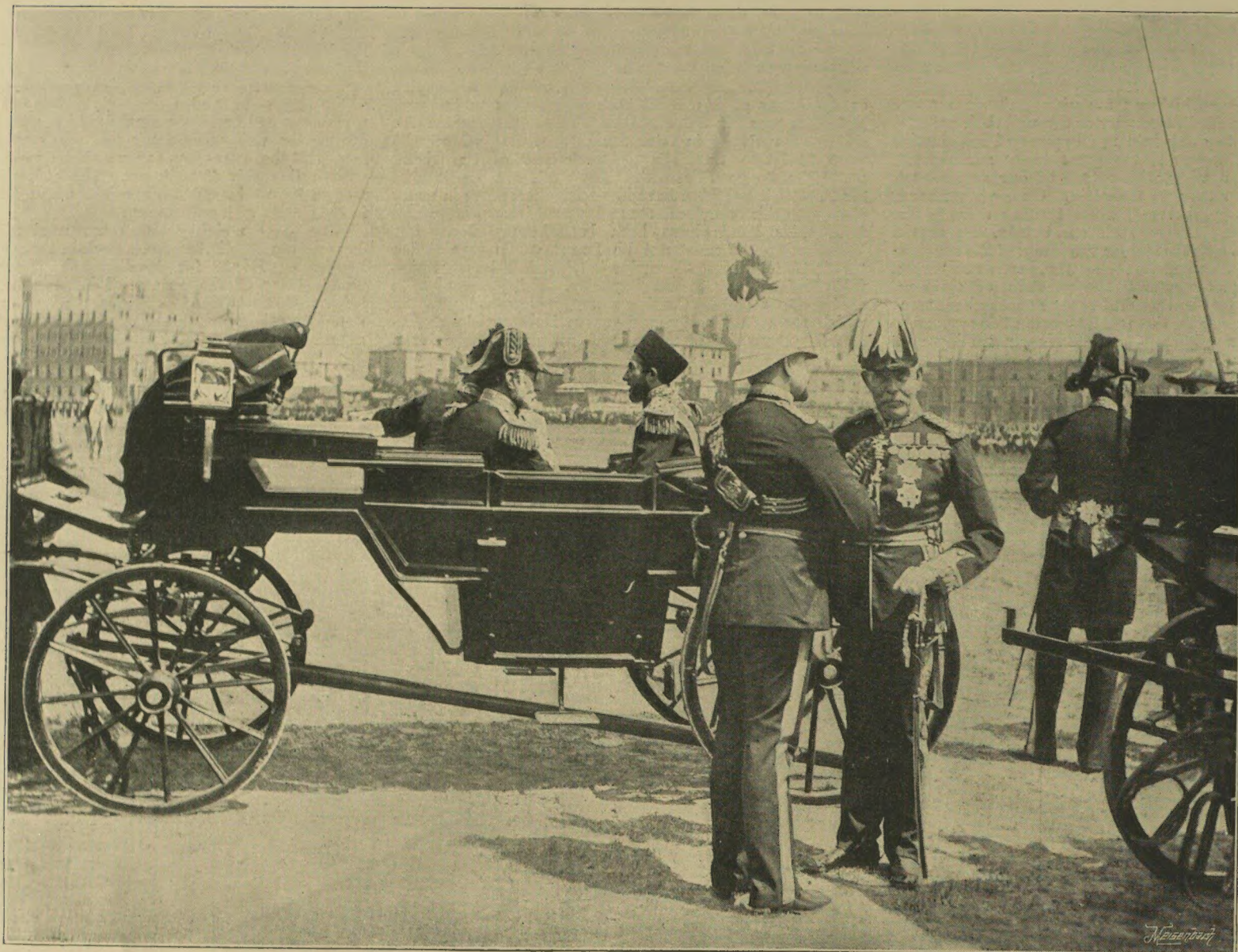
THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY HONOURS TO LITERATURE.

Mr. W. B. Richmond's "Hugh Rawlinson" (201), Mr. E. J. Gregory's "Mabel Galloway" (312), and Mr. G. D. Leslie's "Miss Boyle" (316) are also pictures with which one is glad to renew acquaintance, bearing witness as they do to the attractiveness of English children.

We have only touched upon a few out of the four hundred works now being exhibited at the Grafton Gallery, and have said nothing of the miniatures and pencil and chalk drawings, of which there is a goodly gathering. Our Supplement will convince those who have not seen the exhibition of its representative excellence, and should induce them to pay it a visit, which is certain to be pleasant.

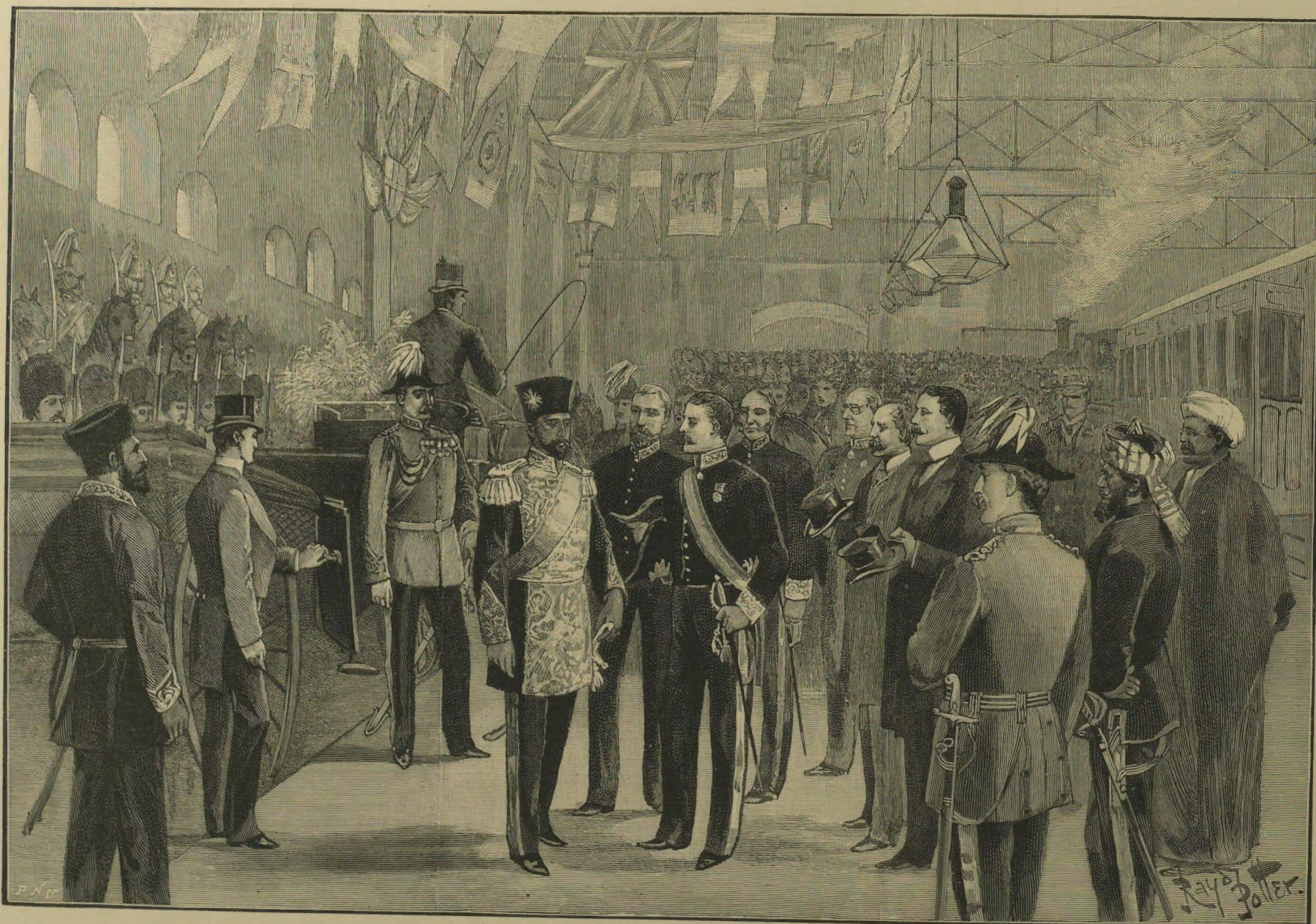
THE VISIT OF THE AMEER'S SON, THE SHAHZADA NASRULLAH KHAN.

On the Queen's birthday, the Royal Indian Marine transport *Clive*, with the second son of the Ameer of Afghanistan on board, steamed into Portsmouth Harbour. Admiral Sir Gerald Seymour Fitzgerald, K.C.I.E., Sir John McNeill, V.C., Sir Nowell Salmon, V.C., K.C.B., Commander-in-Chief, Lieutenant-General Davies, C.B., commanding the Southern Military District, Admiral-Superintendent Fane, Captain Shawe-Taylor, A.D.C., and others, including the Mayor of Portsmouth, were waiting to receive his Highness, and gave him his first welcome to our shores. Having landed, he proceeded to Southsea

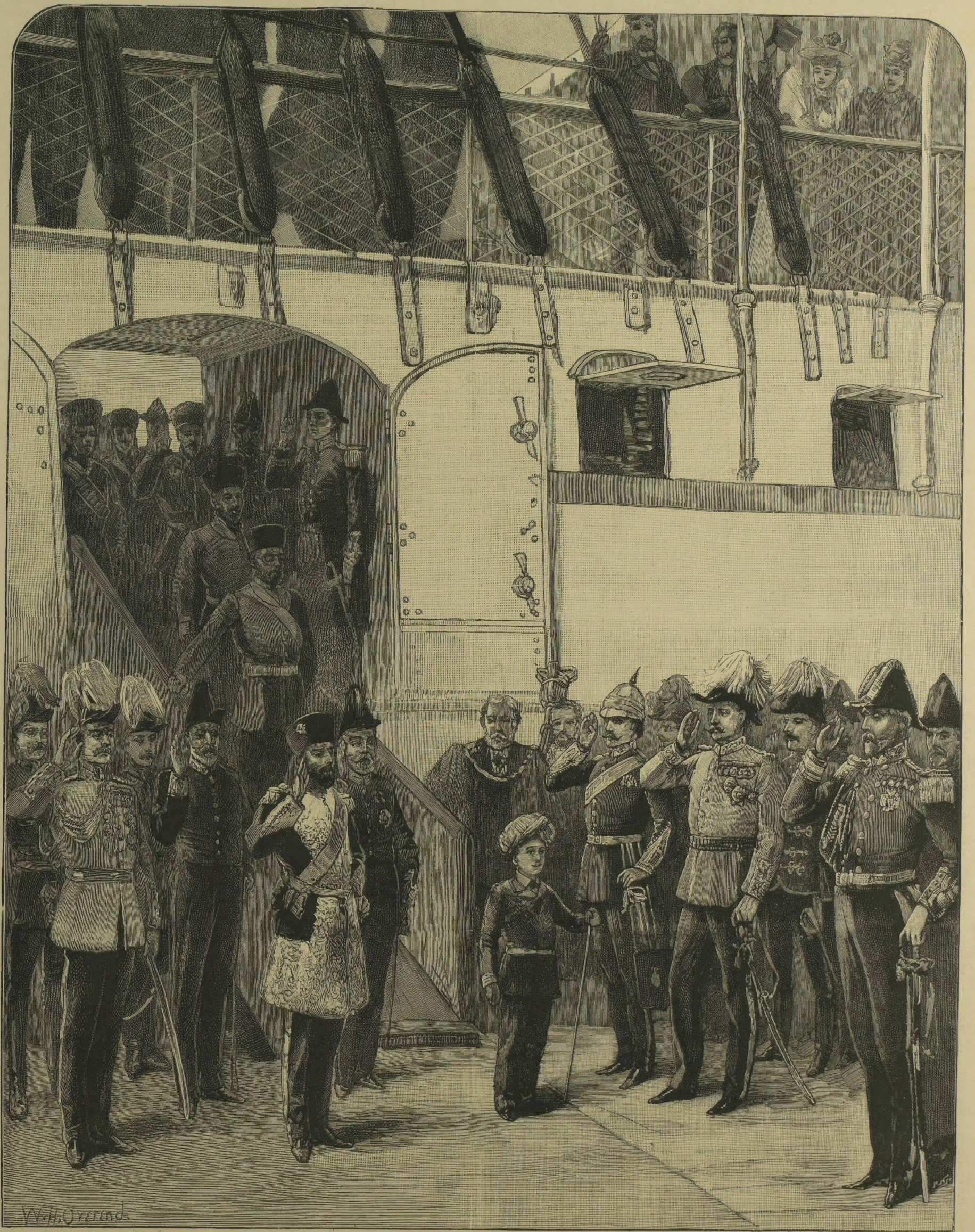


REVIEW ON SOUTHSEA COMMON IN HONOUR OF THE AMEER'S SON: WATCHING THE MARCH PAST.

Photo by Charles Knight, Newport, Isle of Wight.



ARRIVAL OF THE AMEER'S SON IN LONDON: THE SCENE AT VICTORIA STATION.



THE LANDING OF THE AMEER'S SON AT PORTSMOUTH ON MAY 24.

PERSONAL.

After an interval of twelve months the Universities' Mission to Central Africa has at last secured a successor to the late Bishop Smythies, and by a singular coincidence the circumstances of his appointment closely resemble those connected with the appointment of Bishop Tucker to East Africa. The new Bishop, the Rev. William Moore Richardson, was on the point of offering his services as a simple missionary when the call to his higher office reached him. The post to which he has been appointed is one requiring peculiar qualifications. Possessing in an eminent degree those spiritual attributes associated with the office of a missionary bishop, he is also a man of considerable physical prowess and skill, and the walking feats to which his predecessor was accustomed will have but few terrors for him. For four years (1879-83) he was a tutor of the Dorchester Missionary College. He is a graduate of Oxford, where he was contemporary with the Bishops of Peterborough and Colombo. He was Post-Master of Merton College, and took a second-class in mathematics in 1869. He was ordained to the curacy of Christ Church, Wolverhampton, where he remained until 1873. In that year he came south as Chaplain to the All Saints' Convalescent Home, Eastbourne. Then for a time he was at Bedminster and at Bloxham before he proceeded to Dorchester. In 1883 he became Vicar of Wolvercote, whence he was transferred, in 1889, to his present living of Ponteland, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Like his predecessor in Africa, he is an advanced High Churchman.

The late Mr. T. W. Robertson was the son of the distinguished dramatist, and nephew of Mrs. Kendal. He became an actor at the age of twenty, and a successful career has been cut short at thirty-six. The author of "Caste" was little older than that when he was snatched away in the height of prosperity.

The Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, who was elected for Warwick and Leamington by a majority of nearly six hundred over his Radical opponent, Mr. Alderman Duckworth, is a nephew of Mr. Gladstone, and was until quite recently a member of the Eighty Club and a supporter of his uncle's Irish policy.



THE HON. ALFRED LYTTELTON,
New M.P. for Warwick and Leamington.

the Bar in 1881. He was appointed Recorder of Hereford in 1893, and Recorder of Oxford at the end of last year. Mr. Lyttelton is, perhaps, better known to the general public as one of the best cricketers and tennis-players of our time than in any political or judicial capacity. In tennis he is the Marylebone Gold Prize man, and in cricket he has had few equals as a wicket-keeper. His political reputation he has still to make, but the great personal popularity he has already achieved in a difficult and delicate position, to which he was called after the withdrawal of Mr. George Peel from the Leamington contest, is an excellent augury.

Among literary knights the author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men" has a natural place. Sir Walter Besant has written many pleasant novels. Some people may think that the best of these belong to the period when Mr. Besant collaborated with James Rice; but in a great variety of work he has achieved a high order of individual excellence. Sir William Conway is his fellow-worker in the Authors' Society, and is an agreeable writer and intrepid mountaineer to boot, to whom the crests of the Himalayas have yielded up not a few of their secrets. Sir Lewis Morris is, we trust, consoled by a knighthood for the tantalising behaviour of the Laureateship, which has receded from him like a mirage. Indeed, the laurel crown has become so unsubstantial that it can be fitly celebrated only by a new "Epic of Hades." That Dr. W. H. Russell should have waited all these years for a State recognition of his services is a somewhat discreditable reflection on successive Ministries. This veteran journalist rendered a notable service to his country forty years ago, when he exposed the culpable mismanagement of the Crimean War. Candid patriotism is not, perhaps, the shortest way to official rewards, and that may be the reason why Sir William Russell has at last received a tardy acknowledgment of his public spirit.

Mr. Herbert Vivian aspires to Parliamentary honours. He proposes to woo the electors of North Huntingdonshire with a programme which aims at upsetting the various statutes passed in the interests of the Hanoverian dynasty. This is as practical as the resolution recently passed by the Thames Valley Legitimist Club, declaring that a statue of Oliver Cromwell at Westminster would be an intolerable outrage. Mr. Vivian would be much better employed in writing sprightly novels.

The annual meeting of the Manchester Unity of Odd-fellows, the largest and richest friendly society in the world, will be held this year at Swansea. About six hundred deputies, each representing one thousand members, are expected to attend. The Grand Master is Mr. John Diprose, head of the well-known printing and publishing firm of Diprose and Bateman. He will deliver his presidential address on June 3, and it is anticipated with interest.

Sir John Brunner, M.P., who is among the new baronets, is the head of a well-known firm of alkali merchants, who own extensive mines in Cheshire, the Northwich division of which county Sir John has represented in the House of Commons for some years. His wealth and liberality have given him a considerable position among the followers of Lord Rosebery; nor are his services to his party confined to the ordinary functions of a member of Parliament. Sir John Brunner is the proprietor of the *Speaker*, the principal organ of Liberal principles in the weekly Press. As an employer of labour he has enjoyed an enviable immunity from industrial disputes, and this is chiefly due to his early recognition of the necessity of a readjustment in the relations between capital and labour by the adoption of the eight-hours' day.



Photo by Russell and Sons.

SIR JOHN T. BRUNNER, BART., M.P.

The Duke of Cambridge has relented, and bicyclists are to be admitted to Hyde Park before ten in the morning. This noteworthy victory for the wheelmen, and still more for the wheelwomen, is doubtless due to pressure in high quarters. Bicycling is growing in favour with ladies of the aristocracy, who are not unreasonably dissatisfied with Battersea Park. It is probable that the ten o'clock regulation in Hyde Park will lead to a good deal of early rising in Belgravia and Mayfair, and that some distinguished wheelwomen will take their bicycle exercise before the usual ride in the Row. One great recommendation of this is that it entails a change of costume. The bicycle costume must be doffed, and the riding habit put on. Obviously this is a distinct addition to the excitements of a fashionable day.

Although nearly thirty years have elapsed since the Rev. Andrew Burn Suter left London to become Bishop of Nelson, New Zealand, there are many Churchmen who still remember with great gratitude his work in the metropolis—first as Curate of St. Dunstan-in-the-West, Fleet Street, and afterwards as Vicar of All Saints, Mile End New Town. He was also closely associated with the work of the Church of England Young Men's Society, which in those days was a powerful rival of the Y.M.C.A. It is with no common sorrow that his friends learn that the sad and distressing illness which overtook him a few years ago, when he resigned his see, has proved fatal. The Bishop died among his own people in New Zealand. There was no diocese better organised than that of Nelson, and there was no bishop more ready to sacrifice himself than Dr. Suter. In the early days of his episcopate he had to do very rough work, and a chaplain's duties often fell to his share. But he was no stickler for form or precedence, and when work was to be done he always cheerfully undertook it. He was in England at the last Lambeth Conference, and revisited the scene of several of his old associations. He resigned his bishopric in 1891—not, however, until he had occupied, at least for a time, the Primatial Chair of New Zealand—and just as he was leaving for England he was seized with paralysis, from which he never recovered.

None of the birthday honours has caused such general satisfaction as the knighthood for Mr. Irving. This is the first time that such a distinction has been conferred by the Crown on a representative of the dramatic profession. Mr. Irving is knighted because he is the most distinguished of our actors, and this gracious recognition by the Queen removes the particular "ban" which official etiquette has hitherto imposed on members of Mr. Irving's calling. No doubt the knighthood in this case is a tribute to a personal prestige which is quite unique. There may have been greater actors on our stage than Sir Henry Irving, but not one of his predecessors ever enjoyed so widespread a popularity. A certain quality of personal dignity has won for him a universal esteem, so that his name carries authority even among people who are not attracted by the player's art. It is generally acknowledged that he has done more than any other English actor to make dramatic art a worthy minister of the public taste. Certainly no artist ever devoted himself with more strenuous and single-minded zeal to the highest walk of his profession. Sir

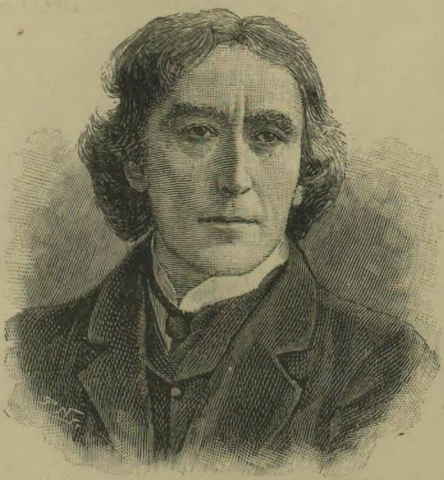


Photo by Watery.

SIR HENRY IRVING.

Henry Irving's career is too well known to need recapitulation in detail. He was born at Keinton, near Glastonbury, in 1838, made his first appearance as an actor at Sunderland in 1856, achieved his first great success in a purely romantic part in "The Bells" at the Lyceum in 1871, became manager of that theatre in December 1878, and has made his management for ever memorable by a series of Shaksperian productions of almost unvarying excellence.

The striking triumph of Signor Crispi in the Italian elections shows that the attacks on his personal character have ignominiously failed. As there is a lingering impression in this country that Signor Crispi's relations with the Banca Romana still need explanation, Mr. W. L. Alden has assured the English public in an interesting letter that two committees of the Italian Chamber, not favourably disposed towards Signor Crispi, acquitted him on all the charges. In the recent elections the Italian Premier was elected in nine constituencies, and this success, apart from the overwhelming majority for his policy, is a sufficient testimony to his personal credit with his countrymen.

Among young English pianists Miss Margaret Ford holds a high position, earned by conscientious study and unusual executive ability. At her concert in St. Martin's Hall, on May 28, she again showed a decided advance. With M. Albert, a 'cellist of great talent, Miss Ford gave Mendelssohn's Tema (Op. 17) with admirable discretion. She next played selections by such widely differing composers as Grieg, Rubinstein, and Oscar Beringer, and in the rendering of each displayed artistic taste of no common order. Professor Macfarren's sonata for piano and 'cello and two modest compositions by Miss Ford herself were likewise on the programme. Mr. Arthur Thompson sang pleasantly as ever, and Miss Katie Thomas rendered four songs in a manner which proved good tuition and the possession of a flexible voice. Two of the songs were excellent compositions by Miss Laura Lemon.

The House of Commons very gladly welcomed the return of Mr. Ritchie, after three years' absence from the green benches. He has succeeded the new Earl of Pembroke as Conservative member for Croydon, where he was elected without opposition on May 24. Mr. Ritchie is a native of Dundee, where he was born fifty-six years ago. He was M.P. for Tower Hamlets from 1874 to 1885, and for the St. George division of that constituency from 1885 to 1892. In Lord Salisbury's first Ministry he filled the post of Secretary to the Admiralty, and was President of the Local Government Board, with a seat in the Cabinet, from 1887 to 1892, during which period he piloted with considerable tact the Local Government Bill. Since then he has been elected an Alderman of the London County Council, whose existence is due to this Act, and is leader of the Moderate party at Spring Gardens.



Photo by Bender and Co.

THE RIGHT HON. C. T. RITCHIE,
New M.P. for Croydon.

The great Wagner concert, second of the series organised by Mr. Schulz-Curtius, took place under Herr Mottl's direction at the Queen's Hall on May 22. Those critics who left after the first part—the second act of "The Flying Dutchman"—to fly to the Opera missed one of the greatest orchestral performances it has ever been our lot to hear. Let us grant that "The Flying Dutchman" was dull; one could throw that in and more to spare in consideration of the superb interpretation of the first part of the third act of "Die Götterdämmerung." The vocal parts were good enough—Mr. Bispham was singing; but it was the extraordinary beauty of the mere orchestral effects that made the concert memorable. Mottl was at his very best. He led you on, as it were, through detail after detail, never confusing, never separating, adding tone to tone, instrument to instrument, until in the superb Trauermarsch he literally destroyed your critical faculty, and left you agape with admiration. Praise can scarcely go further than that.

The Richter concert at St. James's Hall on May 27 was remarkable for an extremely fine performance of Tchaikowsky's "Symphonie Pathétique." The most representative as it is of all the Russian master's work, it was given under Dr. Richter's baton with great stateliness and dignity. It is neither a stately nor a dignified composition; it is restless, and gorgeous with splashes of splendid colour. Yet, for some reason or other, Richter's stately way seemed to make it all the more impressive. A new concerto in G, for pianoforte and orchestra, by Professor Stanford, gave Mr. Leonard Borwick an opportunity of display, but the work is distinctly disappointing. Miss Macintyre sang Elizabeth's two great songs from "Tannhäuser" extremely well; and they were, of course, finely conducted by Richter, who was no less admirable in the Vorspiel and Liebestod of "Tristan," and Beethoven's overture "Leonora" (No. 3). The concert was emphatically a great one.

The very excellent portrait of the Mayor of Sheffield which appeared in our issue of May 18 was the work of Mr. G. V. Yates, Davy's Buildings, Fargate, Sheffield. By an error we omitted to acknowledge this photographer's name when the portrait was given.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen has left Windsor for Balmoral, departing on Tuesday evening, May 28, with Princess Beatrice.

The principal guests of her Majesty at Windsor Castle from May 22 were their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Teck and the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha; the Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, and Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, on Friday, the 24th, which was the Queen's birthday; also the Duchess of Albany and some of her Majesty's grandchildren of different families. Princess Beatrice and her husband, Prince Henry of Battenberg, were with her Majesty; the Prince of Wales, after his return from Norwich, came on Sunday. Among the other visitors were the Marquis of Lorne, the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Benson, the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, the Marquis and Marchioness of Zetland, the Earl of Rosebery, the Earl and Countess of Hopetoun, the Italian Ambassador, General Ferrero, the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, the Right Hon. G. J. Goschen, M. Hurtado, the Columbian Minister, Sir Thomas Sanderson, and Admiral Sir Frederick Richards.

The military ceremony of mounting guard and trooping the Queen's colour was performed on Friday morning, May 24, in honour of her Majesty's birthday, by the 2nd Life Guards and the 1st Battalion Scots Guards, in the presence of the Queen and some of the royal family, in the quadrangle of Windsor Castle. In the evening there was a performance of the "Trovatore" at the Castle, by the Royal Opera Company from Covent Garden, under the direction of Sir Augustus Harris.

A Levée was held on behalf of her Majesty by the Prince of Wales, at St. James's Palace, on Monday, May 27. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, the Duke of York, and Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein were present. The last Drawing-Room at Buckingham Palace, on May 22, was held by Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne.

The Prince of Wales having on May 23 reviewed the Norfolk Artillery Militia at Yarmouth, visited Norwich on the next day and unveiled in the Cathedral there an episcopal throne erected in memory of the late Bishop Pelham. On Saturday his Royal Highness and the Duke of York joined in the trooping of the colour by the Brigade of Guards, under command of Lord Falmouth, on the Horse Guards' Parade.

The honours granted by the Queen upon the occasion of her birthday comprised the appointment of two new Privy Councillors, Lord Leigh and Sir H. B. Loch; baronetcies for Mr. J. T. Brunner, Mr. David Dale, Mr. W. Dunn, Mr. R. D. Holt, and Mr. John Watson; knighthoods for Mr. Walter Besant, Mr. Henry Irving, Mr. Lewis Morris, Dr. W. H. Russell, Mr. W. M. Conway, Dr. Joseph Ewart, Mr. Christopher Furness, Mr. N. J. Hannen, Mr. W. W. Kerslake, Mr. J. F. Leese, Mr. G. C. Mason, and Mr. R. Pullar; K.C.B. knighthoods for Mr. Stair Agnew, Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Bigge, Sir David Harrel, Mr. Ralph Knox, Mr. N. R. O'Connor, and Mr. E. Maunde Thompson; with many promotions to higher rank in the Order of the Bath, and new C.B. Companionships, knighthoods of St. Michael and St. George, and of the Star of India. General Lord Roberts is raised to the rank of Field-Marshal.

The son of the Ameer Abdurrahman, ruler of Afghanistan, Nasrullah Khan, styled the Shahzada, landed at Portsmouth on Friday, May 24, was entertained there by General Davis, and came to London, where he was met by the Lord Chamberlain on behalf of the Queen. He went to Windsor on Monday, but this visit was not of a Court ceremonial character. His Highness was conducted by the Duke of Connaught and Prince Henry of Battenberg to the presence of her Majesty, who greeted him with courtesy; he took some refreshments, and left Windsor after a stay of about an hour. Mr. Fowler, Secretary of State for India, was present. There is to be a full State ceremonial after the Queen's return from Balmoral.

The Civil Service Rifle Corps was inspected by the Prince of Wales and long-service medals presented to about forty members, at the Chelsea Barracks on May 25. The Duke of York was on horseback with his father, and the Princess of Wales with her daughters and the Duchess of York in a carriage. The Duke of Cambridge inspected the Post Office Rifles, mustering 1145, in Hyde Park.

The Empire of India Exhibition at Earl's Court was opened on Monday, May 27, by the Duke of Cambridge.

The Royal Military Tournament at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, was opened on Thursday, May 23, to continue until June 6, under the direction of committees

of officers, with Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar as chairman.

The election for the boroughs of Warwick and Leamington resulted, at the polling on Thursday, May 23, in the return of the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, the Unionist candidate, by a majority of 579; he obtained 2815 votes, and Mr. James Duckworth, the Liberal candidate, 2236. On Friday Mr. C. T. Ritchie, Conservative, was returned for Croydon unopposed.

The Marquis of Salisbury on May 22 spoke at a Primrose League meeting at Bradford; Sir William Harcourt, Chancellor of the Exchequer, on the same day made a speech at a Mansion House dinner given by the Lord Mayor to merchants and bankers of London; the Duke of Devonshire and the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain addressed a Liberal Unionist meeting in St. James's Hall; on Friday, May 24, the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour spoke at the Metropolitan Union meeting of Conservative and Constitutional Associations at the Westminster Town Hall.

The Bow Street Police Court magistrate, Sir John Bridge, on May 23 committed Mr. Jabez Balfour to be tried in the Central Criminal Court for the alleged frauds in the management of the Liberator and other companies. On the next day, in the High Court of Justice, the Attorney-General applied to have the trial, and that of five other defendants, removed to the High Court. The two judges present, Mr. Justice Grantham and Mr. Justice Charles, at once granted this application.

Canal, and of its having joined with Germany and Russia in the diplomatic remonstrance with Japan. The Budget is also much resisted: M. Lockroy has been elected president of the committee of the Chamber of Deputies, which is expected to report against it. A motion to exclude Jews from Government offices has been rejected by 299 to 206 votes.

The Parliamentary General Election in Italy, which took place on Sunday, May 26, yielded large majorities for the Ministerial candidates: they have won 326 seats out of 508. Signor Crispi, the Premier, was elected for four constituencies in the city of Rome, and for others in Sicily and Naples.

Disquieting rumours are current of the intentions of China and Russia to resist the execution of some articles of the treaty of peace in favour of Japan, besides those which Japan has already consented to give up. In the island of Formosa, which was ceded to Japan, a Republican movement has been started, with Tang-Ching-Sung, late the Chinese Governor, for President.

Mr. Walter Q. Gresham, Secretary of State in President Cleveland's Government, died at Washington on May 28.

An American Lynch-law mob at Danville, Illinois, has broken into the district jail, seized two prisoners awaiting trial for an offence against a woman, and hanged them; the excuse for this act of violence was that the State Governor was accustomed to pardon men found guilty of similar crimes.

An earthquake at Paramythia, in Epirus, part of European Turkey, has entirely ruined the town, killing fifty persons.

A Spanish steam-vessel called the *Gravina*, among the Philippine Islands, has foundered in a cyclone, with the loss of 168 lives. The French steamer *Dom Pedro*, from Havre to La Plata, was wrecked on the north coast of Spain on May 27, and 103 persons drowned.

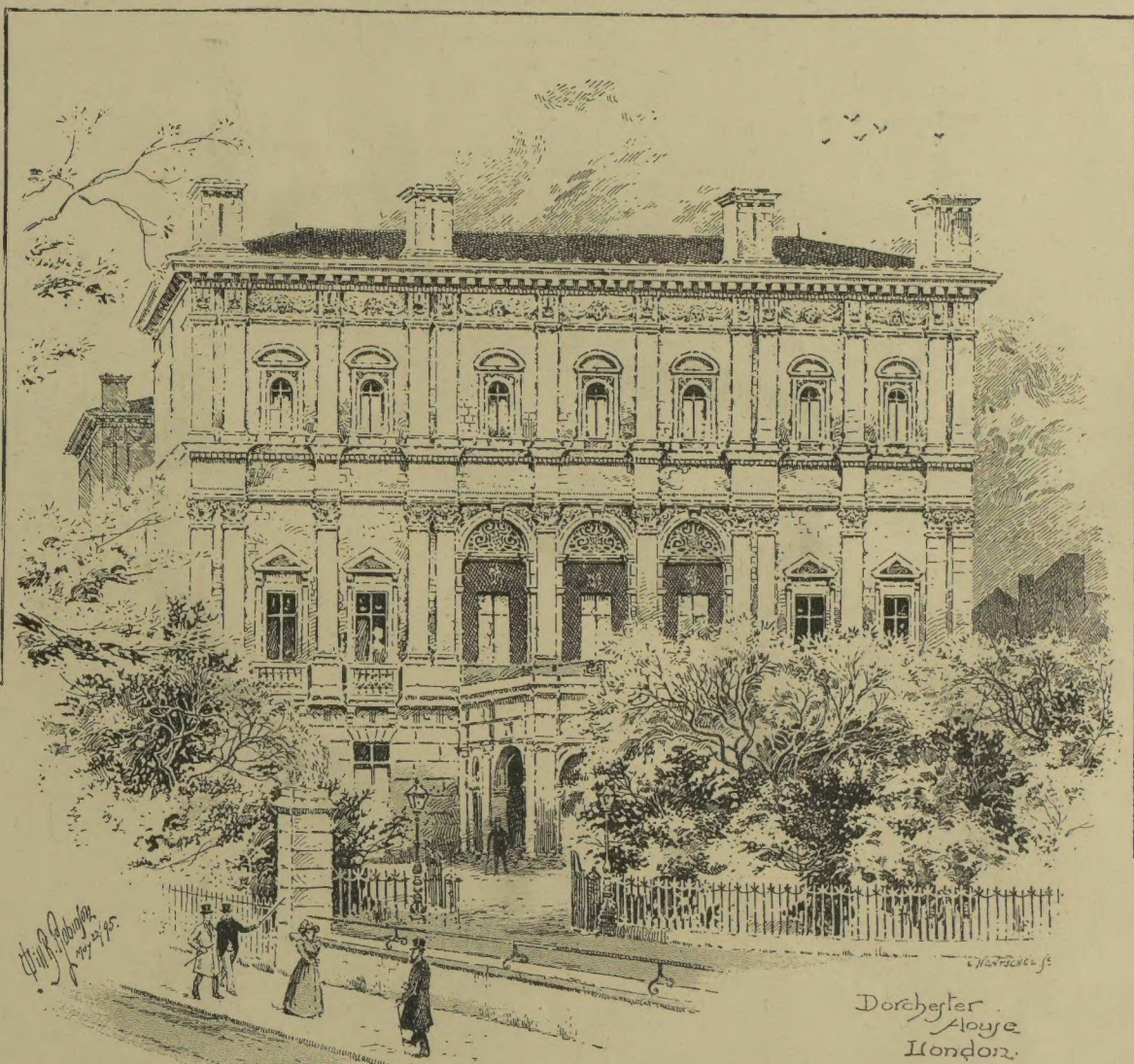
At Eckernförde, near Kiel, on May 27, in a private dockyard where a torpedo-boat destroyer was being built for the Turkish Government, an explosion took place which killed seven men; twelve others were badly scalded by the steam.

Riots at several large cotton-factories in Russia under English or German management have assumed an alarming aspect. At Tekova, in the Ivanovo district, Mr. J. Crawshaw was savagely slaughtered by the mob of workpeople, and his assistant and an English lady, governess to his children, were cruelly beaten.

PARLIAMENT.

The House of Commons has adjourned for the Whitsuntide holidays till June 10 without having made any considerable progress with the Welsh Disestablishment Bill. In a statement as to the course of public business, Sir William Harcourt carefully avoided any pledge about the adoption of a time-limit for the Committee on this measure, though the Government may be forced to consider this course after Whitsuntide. Meanwhile, the Bill has been fought line by

line and almost word by word. It was contended by the Opposition amongst other things that the money derived by the Welsh Church from Queen Anne's Bounty ought to be regarded as a private benefaction. Mr. Bartley moved an amendment to declare all Parliamentary grants to the Church as private property. Mr. Asquith has resisted every proposal of this kind, resorting in one instance to the closure, which gave the Government a considerable majority. The Scotch Grand Committee was appointed after an undertaking from the Government that the Crofters Bill should be excluded. Sir William Harcourt promised to use every effort to pass this Bill into law during the present Session. The Finance Bill was read a third time without amendment, and a compromise on the betterment question removed at last the principal obstacle to the prosecution of improvements by the London County Council. This compromise admits the principle of compensation to owners of property for "worsement." A resolution moved by Sir Joseph Pease and seconded by Mr. John Ellis, condemning the report of the Opium Commission, was vigorously resisted by Mr. Henry Fowler and defeated by a majority of 117. Nothing is more significant in recent Parliamentary history than the change of opinion on this question, for the report of the Commission, with one dissentient, has convinced most people that the outcry against the opium traffic has no reasonable foundation. In the House of Lords a Bill introduced by the Lord Chancellor to assimilate the law of succession for real estate with that of personalty in case of intestacy was opposed by Earl Percy and rejected. This measure would have disturbed the principle of primogeniture in the class of cases with which the Lord Chancellor proposed to deal. Lord Halifax's Bill for preventing the marriage of divorced persons in churches was read a second time.



DORCHESTER HOUSE, PARK LANE, THE RESIDENCE OF THE SHAHZADA NASRULLAH KHAN DURING HIS STAY IN LONDON.

At Exeter, on May 24, the Duke of Cambridge unveiled a memorial erected in the elm-shaded terrace public walk called Northernhay, adjacent to the ruins of Rougemont Castle, to commemorate the beginning or revival of the Volunteer Rifle movement in 1852; and Sir John Bucknill, at that date Medical Superintendent of the Devon County Lunatic Asylum, founder of the 1st Devon Rifle Corps, was presented with an address. Earl Fortescue, Lord Clinton, Lord Poltmore, and many Devonshire gentlemen were present.

Sir Walter Gilbey has been elected President of the Royal Agricultural Society for the ensuing year.

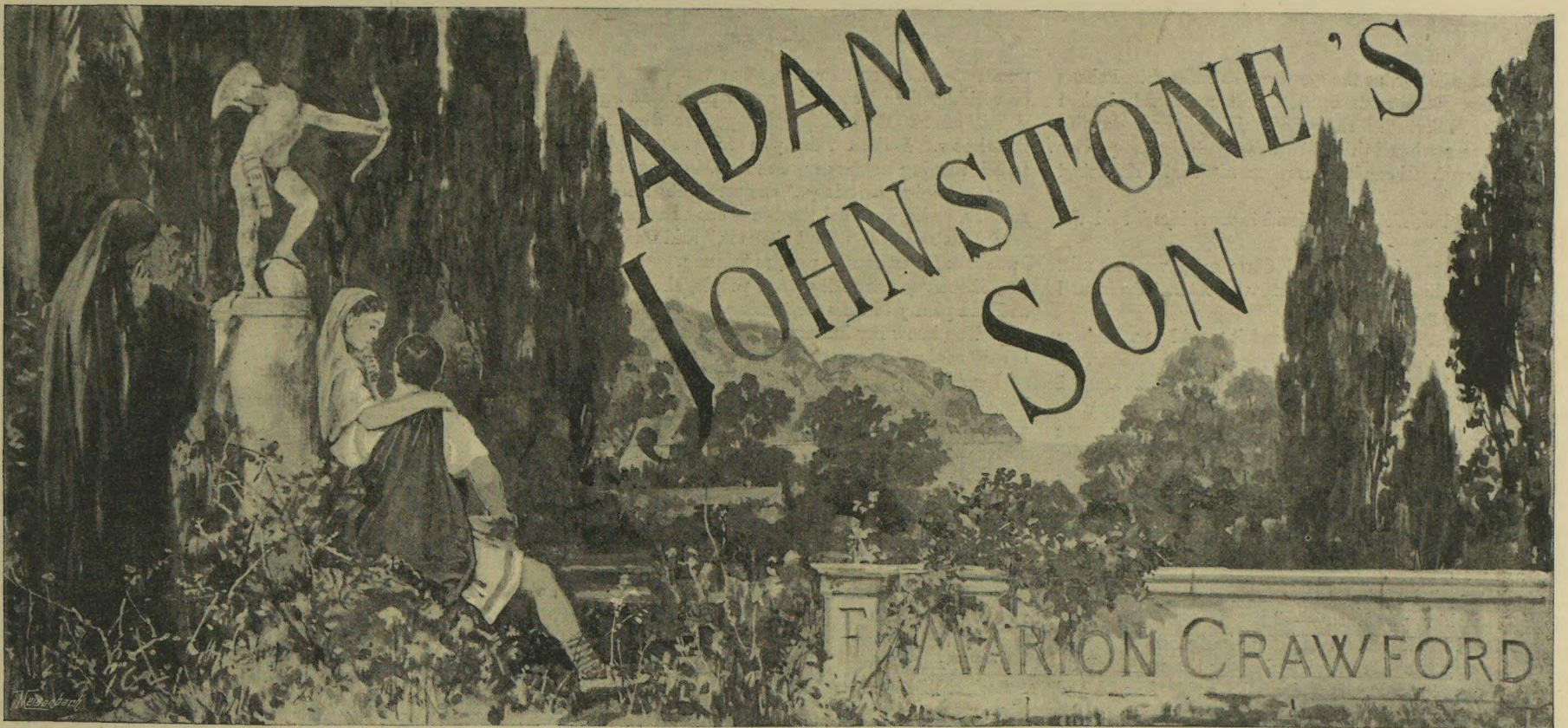
The steam boiler of a factory at Halifax exploded on May 23, destroying a wall of the building, by the fall of which five workwomen were killed.

A robbery of bank-notes and cheques to the amount of £3000 was effected on May 22 at a London branch of the Manchester and Salford Bank in Birchin Lane, City. Mr. Rabbit, a clerk of Messrs. Coutts's Bank, was there on business, and laid his case on the counter; it was stolen by a thief who substituted one exactly similar in appearance.

A house in Took's Court, Cursitor Street, near Chancery Lane, in which several families lodged, took fire at one o'clock on Tuesday morning. The upper floor was all in a blaze, and the inmates could not escape. People in the street held a quilt for them to jump from the windows; little children were dropped down. A man named Butler, who jumped, two women, and two children, were badly injured; the man is not expected to live.

In France the Ministry of M. Ribot is vehemently assailed by political opponents upon the grounds of its acceptance of the invitation to send French war-ships to the opening of the German North Sea and Baltic Ship





ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

CHAPTER X.

Clare went directly to her mother's room. She had hardly spoken again during the few minutes which she had necessarily remained with the Johnstones, climbing the hill back to the hotel. At the door she had stood aside to let Lady Johnstone go in, Sir Adam had followed his wife,

and Brook had lingered, doubtless hoping to exchange a few words more with Clare. But she was preoccupied, and had not vouchsafed him a glance.

"They have come," she said, as she closed Mrs. Bowring's door behind her.

Her mother was seated by the open window, her hands

lying idly in her lap, her face turned away, as Clare entered. She started slightly, and looked round.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "Already! Well—it had to come. Have you met?" Clare told her all that had happened.

"And he said that he was glad?" asked Mrs. Bowring, with the ghost of a smile.



Clare and Johnstone walked slowly up and down, passing and repassing, and trying to talk as though neither was aware that there was something unusual in the situation.

"He said so—yes. His voice was cold. But when he first heard my name and asked about my father his face softened."

"His face softened," repeated Mrs. Bowring to herself, just above a whisper, as the ghost of the smile flitted about her pale lips. "He seemed glad at first, and then he looked displeased. Is that it?" she asked, raising her voice again.

"That was what I thought," answered Clare. "Why don't you have luncheon in your room, mother?" she asked suddenly.

"He would think I was afraid to meet him," said the elder woman.

A long silence followed, and Clare sat down on a stiff straw chair, looking out of the window. At last she turned to her mother again.

"You couldn't tell me all about it, could you, mother dear?" she asked. "It seems to me it would be so much easier for us both. Perhaps I could help you. And I myself—I should know better how to act."

"No. I can't tell you. I only pray that I may never have to. As for you, darling—be natural. It is a very strange position to be in, but you cannot know it—you can't be supposed to know it. I wish I could have kept my secret better—but I broke down when you told me about the yacht. You can only help me in one way—don't ask me questions, dear. It would be harder for me if you knew—indeed it would. Be natural. You need not run after him, you know—"

"I should think not!" cried Clare indignantly.

"I mean, you need not go and sit by them and talk to them for long at a time. But don't be suddenly cold and rude to their son. There's nothing against—I mean, it has nothing to do with him. You mustn't think it has, you know. Be natural—be yourself."

"It's not altogether easy to be natural under the circumstances," Clare answered, with some truth, and a great deal of repressed curiosity, which she did her best to hide away altogether for her mother's sake.

At luncheon the Johnstones were all three placed on the opposite side of the table, and Brook was no longer Clare's neighbour. The Bowrings were already in their places when the three entered, Sir Adam giving his arm to his wife, who seemed to need help in walking, or at all events to be glad of it. Brook followed at a little distance, and Clare saw that he was looking at her regretfully, as though he wished himself at her side again. Had she been less young and unconscious or thoroughly innocent, she must have seen by this time that he was seriously in love with her.

Sir Adam held his wife's chair for her, with somewhat old-fashioned courtesy, and pushed it gently as she sat down. Then he raised his head, and his eyes met Mrs. Bowring's. For a few moments they looked at each other. Then his expression changed and softened, as it had when he had first met Clare, but Mrs. Bowring's face grew hard and pale. He did not sit down, but, to his wife's surprise, walked quietly all round the end of the table and up the other side to where Mrs. Bowring sat. She knew that he was coming, and she turned a little to meet his hand. The English old maids watched the proceedings with keen interest from the upper end.

Sir Adam held out his hand, and Mrs. Bowring took it.

"It is a great pleasure to me to meet you again," he said slowly, as though speaking with an effort. "Brook says that you have been very good to him, and so I want to thank you at once. Yes—this is your daughter—Brook introduced me. Excuse me—I'll get round to my place again. Shall we meet after luncheon?"

"If you like," said Mrs. Bowring in a constrained tone. "By all means," she added nervously.

"My dear," said Sir Adam, speaking across the table to his wife, "let me introduce you to my old friend Mrs. Bowring, the mother of this young lady whom you have already met," he added, glancing down at Clare's flaxen head.

Again Lady Johnstone slightly bent her apoplectic neck, but her expression was not stony as it had been when she had first looked at Clare. On the contrary, she smiled very pleasantly and naturally, and her frank blue eyes looked at Mrs. Bowring with a friendly interest.

Clare thought that she heard a faint sigh of relief escape her mother's lips just then. Sir Adam's heavy steps echoed upon the tile floor, as he marched all round the table again to his seat. The table itself was narrow, and it was easy to talk across it without raising the voice. Sir Adam sat on one side of his wife, and Brook on the other: last on his side, as Clare was on hers.

There was very little conversation at first. Brook did not care to talk across to Clare, and Sir Adam seemed to have said all he meant to say for the present. Lady Johnstone, who seemed to be a cheerful, conversational soul, began to talk to Mrs. Bowring, evidently attracted by her at first sight.

"It's a beautiful place when you get here," she said; "isn't it? The view from my window is heavenly. But to get here! Dear me! I was carried up by two men, you know, and I thought they would have died. I hope they are enjoying their dinner, poor fellows. I'm sure they never carried such a load before."

And she laughed with a sort of frank, half self-commiserating amusement at her own proportions.

"Oh, I fancy they must be used to it," said Mrs. Bowring reassuringly, for the sake of saying something.

"They'll hate the sight of me in a week!" said Lady Johnstone. "I mean to go everywhere while I'm here—up all the hills, and down all the valleys. I always see everything when I come to a new place. It's pleasant to sit still afterwards, and feel that you've done it all, don't you know. I shall ruin you in porters, Adam," she added, turning her large round face slowly to her husband.

"Certainly, certainly," answered Sir Adam, nodding gravely, as he dissected the bones out of a fried sardine.

"You're awfully good about it," said Lady Johnstone, in thanks for unlimited porters to come.

Like many unusually stout people, she ate very little, and had plenty of time for talking.

"You knew my husband a long time ago, then?" she began, again looking across at Mrs. Bowring.

Sir Adam glanced at Mrs. Bowring sharply from beneath his shaggy brows.

"Oh, yes," she said calmly. "We met before he was married."

The grey-headed man slowly nodded assent, but said nothing.

"Before his first marriage?" inquired Lady Johnstone gravely. "You know that he has been married twice?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Bowring. "Before his first marriage."

Again Sir Adam nodded solemnly.

"How interesting!" exclaimed Lady Johnstone. "Such old friends! And to meet in this accidental way in this queer place!"

"We generally live abroad," said Mrs. Bowring. "Generally in Florence. Do you know Florence?"

"Oh, yes!" cried the fat lady enthusiastically. "I dote on Florence. I'm perfectly mad about pictures, you know. Perfectly mad!"

The vision of a woman cast in Lady Johnstone's proportions and perfectly mad might have provoked a smile on Mrs. Bowring's face at any other time.

"I suppose you buy pictures as well as admire them?" she said, glad of the turn the conversation had taken.

"Sometimes," answered the other. "Sometimes. I wish I could buy more. But good pictures are getting to be most frightfully dear. Besides, you are hardly ever sure of getting an original, unless there are all the documents—and that means thousands, literally thousands of pounds. But now and then I kick over the traces, you know."

Clare could not help smiling at the simile, and bent down her head. Brook was watching her; he understood and was annoyed, for he loved his mother in his own way.

"At all events you won't be able to ruin yourself in pictures here," said Mrs. Bowring.

"No—but how about the porters?" suggested Sir Adam.

"My dear Adam," said Lady Johnstone, "unless they are all Shylocks here, they won't exact a ducat for every pound of flesh. If they did, you would certainly never get back to England."

It was impossible not to laugh. Lady Johnstone did not look at all the sort of person to say witty things, though she was the very incarnation of good humour—except when she thought that Brook was in danger of being married. And everyone laughed, Sir Adam first, then Brook, and then the Bowrings. The effect was good. Lady Johnstone was really afflicted with curiosity, and her first questions to Mrs. Bowring had been asked purely out of a wish to make advances. She was strongly attracted by the quiet, pale face, with its excess in refinement and delicately traced lines of suffering. She felt that the woman had taken life too hard, and it was her instinct to comfort her, and warm her, and take care of her from the very first. Brook understood and rejoiced, for he knew his mother's tenacity about her first impressions, and he wished to have her on his side.

After that the ice was broken and the conversation did not flag. Sir Adam looked at Mrs. Bowring from time to time with an expression of uncertainty which sat strangely on his determined features, and whenever any new subject was broached he watched her uneasily until she had spoken. But Mrs. Bowring rarely returned his glances, and her eyes never lingered on his face even when she was speaking to him. Clare, for her part, joined in the conversation, and wondered and waited. Her theory was strengthened by what she saw. Clearly Sir Adam felt uncomfortable in her mother's presence, therefore he had injured her in some way, and doubted whether she had ever forgiven him. But to the girl's quick instinct it was clear that he did not stand to Mrs. Bowring only in the position of one who had harmed her. In some way of love or friendship, he had once been very fond of her. The younger woman cannot easily mistake the signs of such bygone intercourse.

When they rose, Mrs. Bowring walked slowly, on her side of the table, so as not to reach the door before Lady Johnstone, who could not move fast under any circumstances. They all went out together upon the terrace.

"Brook," said the fat lady, "I must sit down or I shall die. You know, my dear—get me one that won't break!"

She laughed a little as Brook went off to find a solid chair. A few minutes later she was enthroned in safety,

her husband on one side of her and Mrs. Bowring on the other—all facing the sea.

"It's too perfect for words!" she exclaimed, in solid and peaceful satisfaction. "Adam, isn't it a dream? You thin people don't know how nice it is to come to anchor in a pleasant place after a long voyage!"

She sighed happily, and moved her arms so that their weight was quite at rest without an effort.

Clare and Johnstone walked slowly up and down, passing and repassing, and trying to talk as though neither was aware that there was something unusual in the situation, to say the least of it. At last they stopped at the end farthest away from the others.

"I had no idea that my father had known your mother long ago," said Brook suddenly. "Had you?"

"Yes—of late," answered Clare. "You see, my mother wasn't sure, until you told me his first name," she hastened to add.

"Oh, I see! Of course. Stupid of me not to try and bring it into the conversation sooner, wasn't it? But it seems to have been ever so long ago. Don't you think so?"

"Yes. Ever so long ago."

"When they were quite young, I suppose. Your mother must have been perfectly beautiful when she was young. I dare say my father was madly in love with her. It wouldn't be at all surprising, you know, would it? He was a tremendous fellow for falling in love."

"Oh! Was he?" Clare spoke rather coldly.

"You're not angry, are you, because I suggested it?" asked Brook quickly. "I don't see that there's any harm in it. There's no reason that a young man as he was shouldn't have been desperately in love with a beautiful young girl, is there?"

"None whatever," answered Clare. "I was only thinking—it's rather an odd coincidence—do you mind telling me something?"

"Of course not! What is it?"

"Had your father ever a brother—who died?"

"No. He had a lot of sisters—some of them are alive still. Awful old things my aunts are, too. No, he never had any brother. Why do you ask?"

"Nothing—it's a mere coincidence. Did I ever tell you that my mother was married twice? My father was her second husband. The first had your name."

"Johnstone, with an *e* on the end of it?"

"Yes—with an *e*."

"Gad! that's funny!" exclaimed Brook. "Some connection, I dare say. Then we are connected, too, you and I; not much, though, when one thinks of it. Step-cousins by marriage, and ever so many degrees removed, too!"

"You can't call that a connection," said Clare with a little laugh, but her face was thoughtful. "Still, it is odd that she should have known your father well, and should have married a man of the same name—with the *e*—isn't it?"

"He may have been an own cousin for all I know," said Brook. "I'll ask. He's sure to remember. He never forgets anything. And it's another coincidence, too, that my father should have been married twice, just like your mother, and that I should be the son of the second marriage, too. What odd things happen, when one comes to compare notes!"

While they had walked up and down Lady Johnstone had paid no attention to them; but she had grown restless as soon as she had seen that they stood still at a distance to talk, and her bright blue eyes turned towards them again and again with sudden motherly anxiety. At last she could bear it no longer.

"Brook!" she cried. "Brook, my dear boy!" Brook and Clare walked back towards the little group.

"Brook, dear," said Lady Johnstone. "Please come and tell me the names of all the mountains and places we see from here. You know, I always want to know everything as soon as I arrive."

Sir Adam rose from his chair.

"Should you like to take a turn?" he asked, speaking to Mrs. Bowring and standing before her.

She rose in silence and stepped forward, with a quiet, set face, as though she knew that the supreme moment had come. "Take our chairs," said Sir Adam to Clare and Brook. "We are going to walk about a little."

Mrs. Bowring turned in the direction whence the young people had come, towards the end of the terrace. Sir Adam walked erect beside her.

"Is there a way out at that end?" he asked in a low voice, when they had gone a little distance.

"No."

"We can't stand there and talk. Where can we go? Isn't there a quiet place somewhere?"

"Do you want to talk to me?" asked Mrs. Bowring, looking straight before her.

"Yes, please," answered Sir Adam almost sharply, but still in a low tone. "I've waited a long time," he added.

Mrs. Bowring said nothing in answer. They reached the end of the walk, and she turned without pausing.

"The point out there is called the Conca," she said, pointing to the rocks far out below. "It curls round like a shell, you know. Conca means a sea-shell, I think. It seems to be a great place for fishing, for there are always little boats about it in fine weather."

"I remember," replied Sir Adam. "I was here thirty years ago. It hasn't changed much. Are there still those little paper-mills in the valley on the way to Ravello? They used to be very primitive."

They kept up their forced conversation as they passed Lady Johnstone and the young people. Then they were silent again, as they went towards the hotel.

"We'll go through the house," said Mrs. Bowring, speaking low again. "There's a quiet place on the other side—Clare and your son will have to stay with your wife."

"Yes, I thought of that when I told them to take our chairs."

In silence they traversed the long tiled corridor with set faces, like two people who are going to do something dangerous and disagreeable together. They came out upon the platform before the deep recess of the rocks in which stood the black cross. There was nobody there.

"We shall not be disturbed out here," said Mrs. Bowring quietly. "The people in the hotel go to their rooms after luncheon. We will sit down there by the cross, if you don't mind—I'm not so strong as I used to be, you know."

They ascended the few steps which led up to the bench where Clare had sat on that evening which she could not forget, and they sat down side by side, not looking at each other's faces.

A long silence followed. Once or twice Sir Adam shifted his feet uneasily, and opened his mouth as though he were going to say something, but suddenly changed his mind. Mrs. Bowring was the first to speak.

"Please understand," she said slowly, glancing at him sideways, "I don't want you to say anything, and I don't know what you can have to say. As for my being here, it's very simple. If I had known that Brook Johnstone was your son before he had made our acquaintance, and that you were coming here, I should have

gone away at once. As soon as I knew him I suspected who he was. You must know that he is like you as you used to be—except your eyes. Then I said to myself that he would tell you that he had met us, and that you would, of course, think that I had been afraid to meet you. I'm not. So I stayed. I don't know whether I did right or wrong. To me it seemed right, and I'm willing to abide the consequences, if there are to be any."

"What consequences can there be?" asked the grey-bearded man, turning his eyes slowly to her face.

"That depends on how you act. It might have been better to behave as though we had never met, and to let your son introduce you to me as he introduced you to Clare. We might have started upon a more formal footing then. You have chosen to say that we are old friends. It's an odd expression to use, but let it stand. I won't quarrel with it. It does well enough. As for the position,

it's not pleasant for me, but it must be worse for you. There's not much to choose. But I don't want you to think that I expect you to talk about old times unless you like. If you have anything which you wish to say, I'll hear it all without interrupting you. But I do wish you to believe that I won't do anything nor say anything which could touch your wife. She seems to be happy with you. I hope she always has been and always will be. She knew what she was doing when she married you. God knows, there was publicity enough. Was it my fault? I suppose you've always thought so. Very well, then—say that it was my fault. But don't tell your wife who I am unless she forces you to it out of curiosity."

Bowring with conviction. "He seems to be more like his mother than like you. He couldn't conceal anything long."

"I wasn't particularly good at that, either, as it turned out," said Sir Adam gravely.

"No, thank God!"

"Do you think it's something to be thankful for? I don't. Things might have gone better afterwards—"

"Afterwards!" The suffering of the woman's life was in the tone and in her eyes.

"Yes, afterwards. I'm an old man, Lucy, and I've seen a great many things since you and I parted, and a great many people. I was bad enough, but I've seen

worse men since, who have had another chance and have turned out well."

"Their wives did not love them. I am almost old, too. I loved you, Adam. It was a bad hurt you gave me, and the wound never healed. I married—I had to marry. He was an honest gentleman. Then he was killed. That hurt too, for I was very fond of him—but it did not hurt as the other did. Nothing could."

Her voice shook, and she turned away her face. At least, he should not see that her lip trembled.

"I didn't think you cared," said Sir Adam, and his own voice was not very steady.

She turned upon him almost fiercely, and there was a blue light in her faded eyes.

"I! You thought I didn't care? You've no right to say that—it's wicked of you, and it's cruel. Did you think I married you for your money, Adam? And if I had—should I have given it up to be divorced because you gave jewels to an actress? I loved you, and I wanted your love or nothing. You couldn't be faithful—commonly, decently faithful for one year—and I got myself free from you, because I would not be your wife, nor eat your bread, nor touch your hand, if you couldn't love me. Don't

say that you ever loved me, except my face. We hadn't been divorced a year when you married again. Don't say that you loved me! You loved your wife—your second wife—perhaps. I hope so. I hope you love her now—and I dare say you do, for she looks happy—but don't say that you ever loved me—just long enough to marry me and betray me!"

"You're hard, Lucy. You're as hard as ever you were twenty years ago," said Adam Johnstone.

As he leaned forward, resting his elbow on his knee, he passed his brown hand across his eyes, and then stared vaguely at the white walls of the old hotel beyond the platform.

"But you know that I'm right," answered Mrs. Bowring. "Perhaps I'm hard, too. I'm sorry. You said that you had been mad, I remember—I don't like to think of all you said, but you said that. And I remember



He caught the two hands in his, and his face shivered. "God bless you, dear," he tried to say, and he kissed the hands twice.

"Do you think I should wish to?" asked Sir Adam bitterly.

"No—of course not. But she may ask you who I was and when we met, and all about it. Try and keep her off the subject. We don't want to tell lies, you know."

"I shall say that you were Lucy Waring. That's true enough. You were christened Lucy Waring. She need never know what your last name was. That isn't a lie, is it?"

"Not exactly, under the circumstances."

"And your daughter knows nothing, of course? I want to know how we stand, you see."

"No—only that we have met before. I don't know what she may suspect. And your son?"

"Oh, I suppose he knows. Somebody must have told him."

"He doesn't know who I am, though," said Mrs.

thinking that I had been much more mad than you, to have married you, but that I should soon be really mad—raving mad—if I remained your wife. I couldn't. I should have died. Afterwards I thought it would have been better if I had died then. But I lived through it. Then, after the death of my old aunt, I was alone. What was I to do? I was poor and lonely and a divorced woman, though the right had been on my side. Richard Bowring knew all about it, and I married him. I did not love you any more, then, but I told him that I could never love anyone again. He was satisfied—so we were married."

"I don't blame you," said Sir Adam.

"Blame me! No—it would hardly be for you to blame me if I could make anything of the shreds of my life which I had saved from yours. For that matter, you were free, too. It was soon done; but why should I blame you for that? You were free—by the law—to go when you pleased, to love again, and to marry at once. You did. Oh no! I don't blame you for that."

only just to people who aren't suffering. You were always like that in the old days. It's so much the worse for us. I have nothing about me to excite your pity. I'm strong, I'm well, I'm very rich, I'm relatively happy. I don't know how much I cared for my wife when I married her, but she has been a good wife, and I'm very fond of her now, in my own way. It wasn't a good action, I admit, to marry her at all. She was the beauty of her year and the best match of the season, and I was just divorced, and everyone's hand was against me. I thought I would show them what I could do, winged as I was, and I got her. No; it wasn't a thing to be proud of. But somehow we hit it off, and she stuck to me, and I grew fond of her because she did, and here we are as you see us, and Brook is a fine fellow, and likes me. I like him too. He's honest and faithful, like his mother. There's no justice and no logic in this world, Lucy. I was a good-for-nothing in the old days. Circumstances have made me decently good, and a pretty happy man besides, as men go. I couldn't ask for any pity if I tried."

thing young, too, in spite of his grey beard and furrowed face. Still Mrs. Bowring said nothing. It meant almost too much to her, even after twenty-seven years. This old man had taken her, an innocent young girl, had married her, had betrayed her while she dearly loved him, and had blasted her life at the beginning. Even now it was hard to forgive. The suffering was not old, and the sight of his face had touched the quick again. Barely ten minutes had passed since the pain had almost wrung the tears from her.

"You can't," said the old man suddenly. "I see it. It's too much to ask, I suppose, and I've never done anything to deserve it."

The pale face grew paler, but the hands were still, and grasped each other, firm and cold. The lips moved, but no sound came. Then a moment, and they moved again.

"You're mistaken, Adam. I do forgive you."

He caught the two hands in his, and his face shivered.

"God bless you, dear," he tried to say, and he kissed the hands twice.

When Mrs. Bowring looked up he was sitting beside her,



THE NURSE.—MISS B. A. PUGHE.

From the Exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours.

Both were silent for some time. But Mrs. Bowring's eyes still had an indignant light in them, and her fingers twitched nervously from time to time. Sir Adam stared stolidly at the white wall without looking at his former wife.

"I've been talking about myself," she said at last. "I didn't mean to, for I need no justification. When you said that you wanted to say something, I brought you here so that we could be alone. What was it? I should have let you speak first."

"It was this." He paused, as though choosing his words. "Well, I don't know," he continued presently. "You've been saying a good many things about me that I would have said myself. I've not denied them, have I? Well, it's this: I wanted to see you for years; and now we've met. We may not meet again, Lucy, though I dare say we may live a long time. I wish we could, though. But, of course, you don't care to see me. I was your husband once, and I behaved like a brute to you. You wouldn't want me for a friend now that I am old."

He waited, but she said nothing.

"Of course you wouldn't," he continued. "I shouldn't, in your place. Oh, I know! If I were dying or starving or very unhappy, you would be capable of doing anything for me, out of sheer goodness. You're

"No; you're not to be pitied. I'm glad you're happy. I don't wish you any harm."

"You might, and I shouldn't blame you. But all that isn't what I wished to say. I'm getting old, and we may not meet any more after this. If you wish me to go away, I'll go. We'll leave the place to-morrow."

"No. Why should you? It's a strange situation, as we were to-day at table. You with your wife beside you, and your divorced wife opposite you, and only you and I knowing it. I suppose you think, somehow—I don't know—that I might be jealous of your wife. But twenty-seven years makes a difference, Adam. It's half a lifetime. It's so utterly past that I sha'n't realise it. If you like to stay, then stay. No harm can come of it, and that was so very long ago. Is that what you want to say?"

"No." He hesitated. "I want you to say that you forgive me," he said in a quick, hoarse voice.

His keen dark eyes turned quickly to her face, and he saw how very pale she was, and how the shadows had deepened under her eyes, and her fingers twitched nervously as they clasped one another in her lap.

"I suppose you think I'm sentimental," he said, looking at her. "Perhaps I am; but it would mean a good deal to me if you would just say it."

There was something pathetic in the appeal, and some-

just as before; but his face was terribly drawn and strange, and a great tear had trickled down the furrowed brown cheek into the grey beard.

(To be continued.)

A great demonstration in favour of the Local Option Bill was held in the Albert Hall on May 25. There were more than 100,000 applications for seats, of which about 85,000 had to be refused. Sir Wilfrid Lawson presided over the vast assemblage of temperance reformers, and there were nearly twenty-five speeches delivered by various eminent workers in the cause, including Lady Henry Somerset, Canon Wilberforce, the Rev. F. B. Meyer, and Mr. J. Williams Benn.

There is a probability that the Ameer's son, Nasrullah Khan, will be made a general of the British Army before he leaves our shores. His interest in military manoeuvres is very keen, and he greatly admires the Guards whom he saw at the trooping of the colour. This ceremony on May 25 was unusually brilliant as regards the raiment of the lady spectators, who crowded every window which overlooked the ground. The weather, which was at first dull, became brighter as the day wore on, and the proceedings were very picturesque.



SOMALILAND AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE: INSIDE THE SOMALI KRAAL.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

It was only last week that I spoke of the miseries inflicted on great composers by incompetent critics who have not even the decency to ponder their incompetence, but must needs exhibit it in hot haste the very morning after the first production of a masterpiece. In many instances, however, the critics are merely hasty and not incompetent, as for instance Handel, who after listening to one of Gluck's earlier operas—was it "Caduta di Giganti"?—offensively observed that the composer knew no more of counterpoint than his (Handel's) cook.

Handel did not live long enough to have to eat his own words, as some Parisian critics have had to eat theirs lately with regard to Wagner. But I am not concerned at present with the composer of "Tannhäuser," but with the composer of "Iphigenia in Aulis," "Alceste," and "Orphée et Eurydice," who curiously enough met with almost instant recognition from the Parisians. He, Hady, and Meyerbeer are about the only examples of German composers that have been fêted from the outset in the French capital. Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, and others were, like Wagner, by no means so fortunate. At any rate, it is certain that Gluck owed much of his fame and a considerable part of his fortune to the favour of the Parisians of a hundred and twenty years ago.

For, though Piccini was subsequently pitted against him, Gluck retired to Vienna in 1780 a wealthy man. Of course, I am using the term comparatively. Though charitable and hospitable, he is said to have been fond of money, hence we may take it that he did not waste his substance, and left a comfortable provision for his descendants.

Well, a great-granddaughter of his, Mlle. Cécile Gluck, has just been sentenced by the Correctional Tribunal of the Seine to two years' imprisonment for stealing a jacket. The sentence has been remitted in accordance with the provisions of the Berenger law—in other words, because it is a first offence; secondly, because the evidence adduced showed conclusively that it was sheer poverty which drove Mlle. Cécile Gluck to the commission of the theft, and the casting of a slur upon her historical name. Mlle. Gluck is a governess, and she has vainly sought for employment. And thus, whether through Mlle. Gluck's own fault or that of others, the American proverb: "From shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves there are generally but three generations" has been verified once more. The great-granddaughter of the celebrated composer, who himself was but the son of a gamekeeper, descends lower in the social scale than the ancestor whose gifted offspring preserved his name from oblivion.

The case just mentioned may be exceptional: what is not so exceptional is the disappearance of the names of the grandchildren from that world of art, letters, science, and music which their grandsires and often their own parents adorned. What became of the children of Milton's daughters? Victor Hugo's grandchildren, a boy and a girl, are living in splendour; as far as one can judge, they are not likely to revive the glory of the author of "Les Misérables" and "La Légende des Siècles." Stephenson's grandchildren, if there are any, are practically *non est*, from my point of view. The daughter of Alexandre Dumas the younger shows no signs of rivalling her father, let alone her grandfather. Emile Augier is supposed to have inherited his great talents from his maternal grandfather, Pigault-Lebrun; but as far as my memory—which is not a bad one—serves me, I can recall no second instance of such an inheritance in the second generation, or, to be correct, in the third generation.

On the other hand, I can recall a dozen cases in which the descendants of great men have become utterly obscure, and frequently reduced to sore straits. One morning when M. Arsène Houssaye was director-administrator-general is the correct term—of the Comédie Française, he

received the following note: "Will the director of the Théâtre Français allow Pierre Corneille to be present at the representation of 'Le Cid,' the masterpiece of his illustrious ancestor. Pierre Corneille, Rue aux Fèves, near the Palace of Justice." M. Houssaye himself took the orchestra stall to Pierre Corneille, whom he unearthed in one of those horrible tenements of "La Cité," which even now are a disgrace to the French capital. The descendant of Pierre Corneille sat there writing, like his ancestor. Not tragedies, however, but letters and petitions for the public; and such a public too, mainly consisting of ruffians and loose women.

Then M. Houssaye, who had heard that there existed some great-granddaughters of Racine, endeavoured to trace them. He did find them, but his offer to admit them to the performance of their ancestor's works was politely refused. They were too poor, and could not spare the time to go to the play even with orders.

A few years ago M. Monval, the librarian and keeper of the archives of the house of Molière, had a singular interview with a descendant of Molière. M. Monval, besides those functions, has a third. Every play submitted to the Reading Committee has to be personally delivered to him. One day a gentleman, well dressed and evidently belonging to the wealthier bourgeoisie, entered his room and handed him a five-act tragedy in verse. The name of the author, as displayed on the title-page was "P. de Molière." M. Monval, who knows more about the author of "L'Avare" and "Tartuffe" than any living man in France, was naturally surprised. "What made you adopt that name,



THE EMPIRE OF INDIA EXHIBITION, AT EARL'S COURT, KENSINGTON.

Monsieur?" he added. "I did not adopt it; it is mine. I am a lineal descendant of Molière."

In spite of all M. Monval's goodwill he could not persuade the Reading Committee that the tragedy contained one single line that would justify its acceptance. M. Monval has not got over his disappointment as yet. But what, amidst all this, becomes of the theory of "hereditary genius"?

THE EMPIRE OF INDIA EXHIBITION.

At a time when our attention is being directed to the Indian empire with more than usual emphasis, the Exhibition which was opened on May 27 at Earl's Court has a special appropriateness. Under the transforming genius of the director-general, Mr. Imre Kiralfy, the fine grounds have become a "living picture" of India. There are relics of the Honourable East India Company to remind us of days which are fled, and an Indian city to show us the present life of the natives whom we hail as fellow-subjects of the Queen. Mr. Rowland Ward's jungle and a Burmese theatre are certain to attract crowds of interested spectators. There will be plenty of music to enliven the Exhibition every day, for the bands of the Grenadier and Coldstream Guards are engaged, as well as Venanzi's famous orchestra. Then, for those whose ambition flies high, there is the great wheel, capable of carrying 1200 people three hundred feet in the air. Given a continuation of the fine weather of which we have lately had a foretaste, and it will be no rash prophecy to say that the Empire of India Exhibition will be a success. It ought to have an educational as well as a recreative result, by impressing everyone with the great size and increasing importance of that little-known but major part of her Majesty's empire.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The great question in Church circles is still that of the marriage of divorced persons. The Bishop of London has spoken at last. He said that while he thought that all the rules which tended in the direction of advising innocent persons not to remarry were sound and good rules, he should not go so far as to say that such marriages ought to be stopped. The guilty party stood on a totally different footing. A man was profiting by his own wrong. He had always at all times directed the clergy not to administer the Holy Communion to guilty parties who had been married after a divorce until he himself had very satisfactory proof indeed that there was very real penitence. He did not say a case might not admit of modifications if there had been a real penitence and if a considerable time had elapsed so as to show that the penitence was not merely a burst of sorrow but a real change of conduct and of opinion. He would not say that it was not conceivable that in such a case the Church might not allow at least re-marriage of the guilty party; but he did say that without clear proof of real penitence, it was a scandal to the Church, and ought to be stopped in every way that the Bishops could stop it.

This view is repudiated by Father Black. He says: "The Bishop of London has told us that he does not regard marriage as indissoluble. He would deal with the guilty party as a matter of discipline. The Bishop of Lincoln would not forbid the marriage of the innocent. Now, such talk is thoroughly disloyal to the Church. She has up to this moment in every way declared marriage to be indissoluble. She considers the innocent quite as much married as the guilty."

Canon Scott Heland writes: "If Churchmen are to rally, as I trust they will, to the challenge of Father Black at St. Mark's, he must write no more of these letters, which seem only bent on flinging intolerable insults at one of the noblest men alive." The reference, no doubt, is to Canon Gore.

"Peter Lombard" tells a good story. The curate of Wyezeaton was addressing his congregation on New Year's Eve. He turned to different classes of his hearers: "And you old men, with your hoary head," etc. Then addressing the young men he said,

"And you young men with your blooming cheek—ahem!—I mean with the bloom still upon your cheek." But it was too late. The "blooming cheek" of the young men of Wyezeaton has become a standing joke.

The *Church Times* is indignant at Mr. Asquith's announcement that her Majesty had relinquished her rights of patronage in the Welsh Church. It contends that "for her Majesty to be advised as her present Ministers have advised her was tantamount to being required to assent to the measure in all its iniquity before the council of the nation had fully discussed it. When the Royal Assent is given, if ever it is given, it will be in violation of the Coronation Oath; but to antedate such a proceeding seems mere wantonness."

Five ladies and five gentlemen have left for Uganda under the Church Missionary Society's auspices. This is the first time that ladies have faced the long and dreary march to Uganda.

The new Bishop of Zanzibar is the Rev. W. M. Richardson, M.A., Vicar of Ponteland, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Mr. Richardson was formerly on the teaching staff of the Missionary College at Dorchester, and it is understood that he was already contemplating the resignation of his living to volunteer for the mission field when the offer of this bishopric was received by him.

The installation of Archdeacon Farrar to the Deanery of Canterbury is provisionally fixed for Saturday, July 27.

Mr. Haweis is having much success as a lecturer in the Colonies, where crowds have attended to listen to him on music and on other themes. His reminiscences of the great men he has met have proved very popular.

The present Bishops of Peterborough and Colombo and the Bishop-designate of Zanzibar were all past masters of Merton College at the same time.

BRITICISMS.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Professor Brander Matthews, who occupies the Chair of English Literature in an American University, shares with me a noble desire to purify our common language. For some reason Mr. Matthews keeps his eagle eye bent mainly on our neologisms, "Briticisms"; while a kindly regard for our kinsmen induces me rather to watch for

Broughton, in "A Widower Indeed." That Miss Broughton should have invented a Briticism is matter for mourning. But should we not rather call it a Broughtonism? Nay, wait! In that novel, O Professor Matthews! Miss Broughton was not alone. *She had an American collaborator!* How does Professor Matthews know whether the American or the English author was guilty of "gauchely"? At least his countrywoman is "art and part" in "gauchely." Perhaps *she* was the criminal, and Miss Broughton did not like to point out the enormity of the misdeed. I rather doubt if the learned Professor has the better of Round 4. In any case the sin of one writer, whether Mr. Pater or Miss Broughton (Mr. Payn sins, I regret to say—sins linguistically—with many lady novelists), does not involve all the subjects of her Sacred Majesty. Neither "gauchely" nor "evanescent" is a common crime of our nation, like "back off," "brainy," "belong with," and a hundred other persistent and popular Americanisms.

5. HYDROS.—For "hydropathic establishments." The hydro-headed horror is from advertisements in a newspaper. "Hydro" exactly answers to "photo" for "photograph," which nobody but a born cad ever uses. Down with "Hydro"!—a place

where you can get nothing to drink, as I am informed.

6. LEADER'D.—The *Outlook* of New York discovered this queer word in a periodical to me unknown, called the *Review of the Churches*. Mr. Matthews explains that a thing is "leader'd" when a leading article is written about it. As the *Outlook* says (in language which I cannot enough admire), the *Review of the Churches* "wished to say that a convention had been honoured by the Jupiter of the English Press with a leading editorial"; so the *Review of the Churches* said "leader'd." "An editorial," by-the-way, is not a Briticism; it is the other thing. "An editorial" is an Americanism. I do hope that the *Review of the Churches* may long keep "leader'd" at its private and unenvied property.

7. MAISONNETTES.—From an advertisement. Perhaps it is a technical term. I never saw it before.

8. ROTTEN.—Slang, and not nice slang; as "a rotten bad bowler."

9. SCREWS.—Paper screwed up round a parcel. Not

I think it a useful neologism: a new profession needs a name, and "typography" is already occupied. Myself I must say "a person who uses a type-writing machine" for fear of Professor Matthews, but I think the public may dauntlessly say "typist." "What else can you call it?"

There is no more, except Professor Matthews's belief that probably few English people except Lord Dufferin "know that what the French term *filer à l'Anglaise* the English style "taking French leave." This piece of information is hardly novel, nor is its possession so very exclusive. A large number of persons know both French and English.

We have now gone through the black list of ten or eleven unjust Briticisms. Two are individual aberrations of English writers, one is Anglo-American, one is from "a Table of Contents," three are from advertisements. The *Author* has two—and I hope the *Author* won't do it again—one is slang, and one is an elderly word in British trade. The English language, as written in this country, is not so deeply stained after all Mr. Matthews's researches. In the New Journalism and in the works of the New Woman surely there must be many worse terrors than Mr. Matthews unveils to our anxious inspection. The Age of Board Schools is bearing its literary fruits and flowers, and among them are many wonderful specimens. But a word or phrase does not become a common Briticism because one good writer lets it fall from his pen, nor because it appears in the prose of a writer of advertisements. I reckon it is considerable of our brainiest men's business to keep back of such neologisms, and to resist their intrusion into the language of literature and into polite speech. These horrid warnings have been gathered by Mr. Matthews in no more than four years, so infected is our prose by barbarisms. The average of yearly spoils has been wonderfully low. But Mr. Matthews calls aloud for the aid of "some more competent collector." I offer, from to-day's *New York Herald*: "Mrs. — has been successfully confined."

THE LONDON SEASON.

We are approaching the height of the London season, and town is filled with the usual fashionable throng, for whom dances, garden-parties, and receptions are being held in a rapid succession which is dazzling. The Royal Italian Opera at Covent Garden Theatre is reviving the glory of the days when Grisi, Mario, Patti, or Nilsson were reigning favourites. Only one of that brilliant group remains to charm lovers of the opera to-day—Madame Adelina Patti, who is expected to return in June to the scene of her former triumphs. Never has Sir Augustus Harris provided such a fine series of performances by such a long list of famous artists. When one mentions the names of Mesdames Melba, Calvé, Macintyre, and MM. Tamagno, the de Reszkes, Plançon, it will be seen how the *entrepreneur* has swept Europe for the benefit of his patrons. Night after night Covent Garden Theatre is gay with lovely costumes and glittering diamonds; and night after night old favourites like "Il Trovatore," "Carmen," and "Faust" are sung to crowded audiences. Royalty has honoured the opera, as in the early days of her Majesty's reign, with its attendance, and all sections of society are represented in the great theatre.

Turning to the subject of our other Illustration is



THE LONDON SEASON: THE OPERA.

"Americanisms." There is the word "brainy," for example. An American editor lately honoured me by inviting me to join in a literary enterprise with "the brainiest writers" of the States. I did not, indeed, feel that I had any place in such company, but I noted the word "brainy." There is nothing wrong in its composition. "Brawn," "brawny"; "brain," "brainy." Samson was a brawny man, Shakespeare was a brainy man, but—does Mr. Matthews like the adjective? If not, let him protest; it is rife in his native country.

"Briticisms," however, are his favourite topic. Briticisms he collects and nails on the barn-door. I like them no better than he does; so let us examine and deplore these weeds of language.

1. DEPENDABLE.—For "trustworthy." *Mot pendable*, but the offender who employs it is that agreeable classic, my friend Mr. James Payn. I blush for Mr. Payn: let us remember his case in our orisons. He may "only laugh, and say it is bully," like Mark Twain's bad boy; but Mr. Matthews and I are weeping, like two emblematic figures of linguistic purity in a temple of Style.

2. ESSAYETTES.—This pleasing term occurs (Mr. Matthews detected it) in the contents of the *Fortnightly Review*, in 1892. Mr. Morley was not then the editor. I never saw it before: it has not spread much in our literature. It is a lonely horror. Is our nation responsible for it? In French, as Mr. Matthews's knowledge of that tongue enables him to inform the world, "essayette" is absolutely unknown, and, indeed, is philologically impossible. It is as bad as "storiette" (quoted from the *Author*. Oh, Mr. Besant!) or "leaderette," from the Gutter Journalism of England.

3. EVANESCING.—From Mr. Pater. Why not "evanescent" or "vanishing"? But Mr. Pater's use of so odd a term scarcely makes it a Briticism; it was a Paterism. "Savorsome" he also used. Why on earth "savorsome," or (more probably) "savoursome"? Why not "savory"? The Covenanters wrote about "singular savory Christians."

4. GAUCHELY.—Again I weep! The sinner is Miss



THE LONDON SEASON: KENSINGTON GARDENS.

used in America. It seems harmless, and is not modern. "A screw of tobacco" is an elderly phrase; and if the Americans discard it nobody is the worse or the better. But they may plume themselves on not saying "a screw of tobacco."

10. SERIALISED.—"Published in a serial." The *Author* is responsible. I never saw the word before, as far as I know, but it looks like a word which will take root in America. Let the Professor be vigilant!

11. TYPIST.—One who works a type-writing machine.

exchanging gaslight for sunshine. Kensington Gardens are too familiar to need description. Enough to say that the floral charms of the place were never greater than to-day. Those who recall Matthew Arnold's lines, "In Kensington Gardens," will find their inspiration in the cool green glades now so frequented by Londoners, and in many other parks in or around the metropolis there may be seen quite as charming landscape as we seek and find abroad. We need a poet of the park as well as of the street.



GOING TO THE DERBY A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

LITERATURE.

MORE NAPOLEONIC LITERATURE.

An Aide-de-Camp of Napoleon: Memoirs of General Count de Ségur. (Hutchinson and Co.)—Of all the memoirs of Napoleon, this narrative of the Count de Ségur is the least pretentious. To English readers it has a peculiar interest, because it gives, perhaps, the clearest account of the incidents which led to the providential escape of England from the invasion meditated by Napoleon in 1805. Count de Ségur shows how the whole of the vast preparations of the Emperor were blasted by the indecision and downright fright of Admiral Villeneuve, who, at the critical moment, instead of making a dash for the Channel, allowed himself to be blockaded at Ferrol. The Emperor was at Boulogne, waiting for his fleet, when the news of Villeneuve's abject collapse was brought to him. His fury was graphically described to Ségur by Daru. "What a navy!" exclaimed Napoleon. "What an admiral! What useless sacrifices!" The plan which the Emperor had shaped with the most elaborate forethought was ruined by the sheer incompetence of a man who, by the caprice of destiny, held the fortunes of this expedition in his palsied hand. Had Napoleon's calculations been verified, and had his immense force been thrown upon our coast, it is idle to suppose that we could have made a successful resistance. The most formidable enemy of France would have been crippled by a single blow, and Napoleon's genius might have known no eclipse. The familiar story of the sudden inspiration with which the Emperor conceived and executed the policy that culminated at Austerlitz is told by Ségur with vivid detail. In the midst of his reproaches of Villeneuve Napoleon abruptly ordered Daru to sit down, and then dictated to him the whole campaign which, beginning with the capitulation of Ulm, overthrew the combined forces of Austria, Prussia, and Russia. "The various fields of battle, the victories to be gained, even the very days on which we were to enter Munich and Vienna, all were foreseen and written down as it really happened later, two months in advance, at this identical hour of Aug. 13, and from these headquarters on the coast!" The idea that England could have made any stand against this military prodigy, had he been able to cross the strip of "silver sea," is surely chimerical. But the chief interest of this volume is not in the annals of war or diplomacy. To the Count de Ségur Napoleon showed his best side; and, accordingly, this chronicle is full of the aide-de-camp's devotion to his master. There are some pleasant sketches of Napoleon's private life at Malmaison, when he was First Consul, and when he charmed all around him by kindness and unaffected gaiety. There are glimpses, too, of heroes of the Revolutionary armies, of one gigantic colonel who attacked the enemy single-handed, and howed his way out again, merely as an exhilarating exercise, and of another who was in the habit of beginning a charge with a short oration, which, when ideas gave out, was recruited by a string of sonorous oaths. Human nature at that time was in its primal elements; and the actors, great and small, in the drama of the Revolution, were as irresponsible as the semi-deities of a Scandinavian saga.

MR. BUTLER'S "DANTE."

Dante: His Times and His Works. By A. J. Butler. (London: A. D. Innes and Co. 1895.)—Mr. Butler, who already stands high among English Dante scholars, has produced a little volume, elementary, indeed, in design—being intended, as the author modestly declares, not for "Dantists," but for students at an early stage of their studies—but, nevertheless, bearing the impress of extensive knowledge and sound judgment. Its design is hortatory as well as instructive, and in the "Hints for Beginners" an excellent plan of study is laid down, which, diligently followed, should lead the student by pleasant and easy paths to a competent knowledge of the subject, especially if he do not follow this or any other scheme so closely as to neglect the promptings of his own genius.

The book is in no way a biography of Dante, for which, indeed, the materials do not, and probably never will, exist. It deals, as the title implies, rather with the age and work of Dante than with his personality; little, indeed, is said even of some of the events upon which the cloud is less dense than usual. Mr. Butler neither enters into the *selva oscura* of controversy which has sprung up about almost every event of Dante's life, nor retails the groundless anecdotes which till late passed for the poet's biography. After a short and somewhat perfunctory notice of the literary revival of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, Mr. Butler gives a clear and concise account of the rise and progress of the Guelph and Ghibelline factions, and of the chief events of Florentine history during Dante's lifetime. It is pleasant to note that Mr. Butler has withstood the Mephistopheles of scepticism—*der Geist der stets verneint*—which almost inevitably besets the critical mind, and where the earlier commentators are likely to be well informed, prefers their positive testimony to the conjectures of critical ingenuity. Thus, he accepts the received opinion, based on the undoubted assertions of Boccaccio and his immediate followers, of the identity of Beatrice with the daughter of Folco Portinari. He also declines to allow the allegorical sense, even in the "Commedia," to predominate unduly over the personal element. Upon another controverted point, the nobility of Dante's lineage, he shows himself somewhat sceptical. We might wish that Mr. Butler had dwelt at greater length upon the literary and intellectual conditions which contributed to mould Dante's genius. The second half of the book contains a very useful summary of the "Commedia," with brief notices of Dante's minor writings.

Mr. Butler treats his subject in a direct and business-like manner, free from theorising and all useless verbiage. The chief fault of the book is that it is too short, the subject being a very wide one to be compressed within such narrow bounds. In fine, the work should be interesting and profitable, both to every Dante student, and to every general reader who wishes to acquire a knowledge of a most interesting epoch of modern history, and of one of the most interesting figures of any epoch.

JAMES THOMSON ("B.V.")

The Poetical Works of James Thomson ("Bysshe Vanolis"). Edited by Bertram Dobell. With a Memoir of the Author. (London: Reeves and Turner, and Bertram Dobell.)—"It is sunshine," says someone, "that brings out the adder." Success inevitably makes enemies, but it is happily no less true that sorrow makes friends. There is no truer man of sorrows in the martyrology of literature than James Thomson. Compared with his long-drawn tragedy such a fate as Chatterton's is happiness itself. What is a month or two's starvation in a garret, with glory and fireworks at the end, compared with that black despair which kept Thomson a wanderer in his "City of Dreadful Night" for more like thirty years—victim alike of fortune and himself! Yet, if no sadder man has ever made this earthly pilgrimage, certainly no man was ever blest with truer, more constant friends. From the time when as a young man of eighteen, serving as an army schoolmaster at Ballinacollig, he made the acquaintance of Bradlaugh, strangely enough a private in a dragoon regiment stationed at the same place, to the latter days when he attracted the enthusiastic devotion of such young literary men of his generation as Philip Marston and William Sharp, he never went unministered to by staunch affectionate friends. Among these none has been more constant or given more practical proof of their friendship than Mr. Bertram Dobell, whose complete edition of Thomson's poems is the occasion of the present reference to "B. V.," as for a long time he signed himself, the initials standing for "Bysshe Vanolis" and his admiration for Shelley and Novalis. To say that all James Thomson's poetry is not of equal value is to make a remark which applies to the collected works of no few greater poets—say Wordsworth and Coleridge, for example. I don't think Thomson ever nods so desperately as either of those poets. Careless and rather cheap as his work sometimes is, it is seldom that we come across a poem that does not contain lines and touches we would be sorry to lose. Besides, Thomson was so personal a poet that every scrap he wrote is so much contribution to his tragic biography, and as such is of value to those whom he interests. That tragic biography, already written at length by Mr. H. S. Salt, Mr. Dobell has sketched with skill and sympathy in his introductory memoir. The determining factors in Thomson's life were inherited melancholia and dipsomania, which, unfortunately, a sad circumstance on the very threshold of his manhood—namely, the death of his betrothed when he was but nineteen—was doomed to intensify. To the memory of this boy-and-girl love Thomson remained tragically constant till his death at the age of forty-seven. His poems are one and all the expression of the various moods of his grief—no less so, need one say, when they are desperately gay, as sometimes happens. The poem by which he is best known is the most directly autobiographical of his sorrow. Who can forget that wonderful picture of the solitary lighted mansion within the City of Dreadful Night, in every room of which is either picture, statue, or bust—

All copied from the same fair form of dust—

A woman very young and very fair,

and in the oratory of which the lady of all the images lies dead, a young man kneeling at her side chanting a solemn requiem, of which Thomson's life was one long iteration?—

The chambers of the mansion of my heart,
In every one whereof thine image dwells
Are black with grief eternal for thy sake.

The inmost oratory of my soul,
Wherein thou ever dwellest quick or dead,
Is black with grief eternal for thy sake.

Those interested in the evolution of a poet's art will thank Mr. Dobell for including a long early poem entitled "The Doom of a City," which was undoubtedly the nebula from which sprang "The City of Dreadful Night." Surely this poem is the pessimist's song of songs. In it Thomson has surpassed his masters in tragic gloom, and no English poet has chanted "the martyrdom of man" with so solemn and so terrible an impressiveness. It is as though the poet had wrung out the "poisonous wine" from all the poetry of despair that has ever been written, and given it to us to drink in one deadly concentrated potion. Surely, indeed, he writes not "for the hopeful young." The air of his city of desolation, "wherein expire the lamps of hope and faith," is not good for them to breathe. Yet for all that, sometimes he can sing for the happy, with a sad heart, as in his charmingly gay pictures of "Sunday Up the River," gay but with the eternal undertone of loss not to be missed by the ear that knows it. That was one of his theories, that it is the unhappy that make songs for the happy, those who long rather than enjoy—

Singing is sweet, but be sure of this,
Lips only sing when they cannot kiss.

In these gay and mock-gay poems, rich as they are in various poetical qualities, there is a curious lack of distinction, an obvious carelessness of workmanship, even a certain commonness of accent, which seems curiously incongruous in the work of a man whose best poem is pre-eminent for dignity and gloomy grandeur. The bad taste which has disfigured the utterances of a certain section of Secularist propagandists too often mars his pages. He wears sometimes a rather ugly sneer, and his satire loses its force from a taint of vulgarity. Perhaps this characteristic, and doubtless his avowed atheism, largely account for the comparative neglect of his poetry, though the great qualities of it, it must be remembered, were early recognised by Froude, George Meredith, and George Eliot. One circumstance of his life must not be forgotten as all but unique in English literary history—namely, the kindly patronage of the great business house of Cope, for whose journal, "Cope's Tobacco Plant" (largely owing to the incentive of its good-hearted cultured editor, Mr. John Fraser) many of James Thomson's best critical essays were written. Pottery patronised Coleridge, and tobacco thus—and smoked in the usual way, for Thomson was a great smoker—solaced the lot of James Thomson; but it is to be feared that it is seldom that commerce thus gives the helping hand to literature. Mr. Dobell will earn the gratitude of all lovers of letters by this handsome edition of his friend's poetry; and it is to be hoped that he will be encouraged to give us a similar edition of Thomson's fine but very unappreciated prose.

AN ANGLER'S PARADISE.

An Angler's Paradise, and How to Obtain It. By J. J. Armistead. (The Angler, Limited: Scarborough, and 143, Strand, London. 1895.)—The angler's paradise of this book is not in Scotland nor Ireland; nor in New Zealand, which at the present moment would probably come closest of all to the state of piscatorial beatitude indicated in the familiar phrase. Literally, indeed, the title is misleading, the book being, not a guide to the best angling resorts, but a treatise on modern fish-farming. The aim of the author is to show how, by judicious stocking, an angler's paradise may be under certain conditions created. From this point of view the work is distinctly valuable, and is so written as to interest both naturalist and sportsman.

Fish-culture is still in its infancy in the British Islands, but in the United States and in Canada the Government authorities maintain well-organised departments of fish-culture and prosecute the undertaking at considerable expense and on a scientific and elaborate system. It may seem strange that new countries whose principal characteristics are plenitude of lake and river should in the matter of sporting fish require so soon to supplement the operations of Nature by artificial aids; but salmon and trout are pretty much the same all the world over, and soon learn to avoid the snares set by man. The New York angler, for example, has already fished out many streams that five-and-twenty years ago were prolific in their natural yield of trout, and he has now to go far afield to his Northern States, and even to the Dominion of Canada, to obtain satisfactory sport. The wonder is, at home, considering the hereditary instincts of British fowling and fishing, transmitted from generation to generation, that fishing and shooting remain as good as they are. The explanation is to be found in the constant replenishments of game above and below water. There are still numbers of lakes, ponds, and rivers that, stocked and maintained on sound fish-cultural principles, could be made profitable. So far, we have stocked our rivers for sport only, but in the future the smaller lakes that adorn so many country estates will probably be converted into stores for the supply, as food for the market, of the superior species of fresh-water fish.

Fish-culture, however, must be undertaken as a serious business rather than as a pastime. Mr. Armistead having, as he tells us in his preface, worked practically at fish-farming for thirty years, writes with authority; and, being a shrewd observer of nature, contrives to infuse popular interest into necessary technicalities. It is not many years since the fish-breeding establishments of the country might be counted on the fingers of one hand, but they have during the last ten years steadily increased, the extraordinary success of the acclimatisation of British salmonidæ in Tasmania, New Zealand, Victoria, and even Ceylon and the Cape, having acted as a stimulus to riparian owners at home. One of the earliest known of these establishments was at Foot's Cray, near Bexley. The famous hatchery maintained by Sir James Gibson Maitland at Howietown, near Stirling, and that developed by the late Mr. Andrews, of Guildford, near Haslemere, have furnished millions of the choicest breeds of trout to the streams of Great Britain and its distant colonies. The Solway Fish Hatchery, which ranks with these, lies somewhat out of the beaten track, about eight miles from Dumfries. Turning off the main road, near the wonderfully preserved ruins commonly called "Sweetheart Abbey," the traveller proceeds under the shadow of big Criffel, among ancient woods, mossy rocks, and glens full of ferns, bracken, and picturesque under-wood—a model tract of forestry due to the old tenures by which holders of land were compelled to plant a given number of trees annually. The hatchery and ponds have been made in a clearing surrounded by a semicircle of pine woods recalling wild bits of Norway. The suggestion of far-away backwoods is strengthened by the residence built entirely of wood.

One of the primary requisites of a fish-hatchery is pure water that may be relied upon in never-failing supply, and in this the Solway hatchery is exceptionally fortunate. It is in all respects well equipped. Gentlemen desirous of turning a comparatively useless stream into a trout preserve, or of restoring water that has been allowed to be ruined by pike or general neglect, are often in doubt as to the species or varieties of trout to be introduced. The fashion at one time was in favour of the so-called American brook-trout, which is really a char; but these *fontinalis* have a habit of dropping down stream out of bounds, and are now considered only serviceable for lakes. The beautiful species of Lochleven, which some authorities think were originally land-locked sea-trout, are largely cultivated by Mr. Armistead and other fish-farmers. The most beautiful trout of all, when it is in its best condition, is the rainbow trout (*Salmo irideus*), from Californian waters, but we are not quite satisfied yet that this species will rise freely to the fly. Mr. Armistead enumerates an unusual number of *salmo fario* varieties, with their history, so far as it is known, and their characteristics. He is of opinion that ten years may be reckoned as the average life of a trout. In their old age, which may be put down as seven or eight years, the patriarchs are attacked by fungoid disease and are no longer a survival of the fittest. By way of experiment Mr. Armistead kept a Buttermere trout which died at the extreme age of seventeen years. In its prime this fellow turned the scale at 6½ lb., but with the advance of time it became lank and ugly and weighed only 5 lb. when, to quote from the book itself, "its allotted time had come." The photographs with which the volume is illustrated aid the ordinary reader in understanding some of the methods of the fish-farm. The construction, stocking, and cultivation of fish-ponds are dealt with in a section of their own; indeed, there is no work which gives so much information upon this subject. Pisciculturists, as a rule, and even country gentlemen and anglers of ripe experience, are generally strangely deficient in knowledge of aquatic plants suitable for trout streams, and their insect life. Besides the photographs of scenery and piscicultural operations, there are figurings of beetles, caddis, water-shrimps, and fresh-water crustacea in various stages of development; and altogether it is a book that may be recommended for an honoured place on the shelves devoted to sport and natural history.

REDSPINNER.

BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN
AT THE
CRAFTON GALLERY.



ORPHANS.—SIR JOHN E. MILLAIS, R.A.
Lent by J. S. Forbes, Esq.



LITTLE STELLA.—J. SANT, R.A.
Lent by the Artist.



THE BROKEN DAISY CHAIN.—J. SANT, R.A.
Lent by the Artist.



MURIEL WYLIE HILL.—E. A. WALTON, A.R.S.A.
Lent by the Artist.



KATE SERJEANTSON AT THIRTEEN.—PHIL R. MORRIS, A.R.A.
Lent by the Artist.



MISS HARRIET CHOLMONDELEY.—JOHN HOPPNER, R.A.
Lent by R. H. Hobart, Esq.



MABEL, DAUGHTER OF C. J. GALLOWAY, ESQ.—E. J. GREGORY, A.R.A.
Lent by C. J. Galloway, Esq.



LISE.—ALBERT EDELFELDT.
Lent by Mrs. Leopold Kahn.



CICELY, DAUGHTER OF E. WORMALD, ESQ.—W. B. RICHMOND, A.R.A.
Lent by E. Wormald, Esq.



THE HOUSE OF CARDS, 1763-1783.—F. H. DROUAI.
Lent by H. L. Vischoffsheim, Esq.



PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR, PRINCESS LOUISE, PRINCE GEORGE.—C. BAUERLE.
Lent by the Prince of Wales.



MIGNON.—W. R. SYMONDS.
Lent by the Artist.



MASTER HOARE.—ARTHUR HACKER.
Lent by Mrs. Hoare.

THE HASTINGS CAVES.

The geological formation of the Sussex coast is by no means uniform: from Eastbourne chalk cliffs stretch westwards all the way to Hampshire; eastwards, as far as Bexhill, the chalk gives way to alluvium; then begin the sandstone cliffs, which extend to Hastings and for miles beyond. As this sandstone is of the soft quality common in the district which the geologists call the "Hastings Beds," and which is much in evidence in the neighbourhood of Tunbridge Wells, it is not surprising to find the cliffs at Hastings honeycombed by caves. High up on the face of the East Hill, which rises above the old fishing town, is a group still known as "Butler's Caves," though many years have passed away since the Irish family and its pigs which for long occupied them were turned out. At White Rock, nearly opposite the Hastings Pier, a large cave runs deep into the cliff, but its entrance is masked by the shop-front of a wine-merchant, who uses the cavern as a cellar.

All these hollows, however, may be said to belong, in all senses, to the past; as show-places, if not altogether as natural curiosities, they long ago retired from active business. It is just a century since the old Cinque Port began a new lease of life as a sea-bathing resort, but for fully thirty years the visitors could only imply the existence of caves in their neighbourhood by the fact that smugglers abounded. In 1814 Byron mentions "smuggling neat brandies and silk handkerchiefs" as among the delights of his visit to Hastings; and in 1823 the Lambs explored the place pretty thoroughly and refreshed themselves with "smuggled Hollands"; but neither Byron nor the Lambs say anything about caves. To-day the only ones known to visitors are the "St. Clement's Caves," which lie under the West Hill, not far east of the Castle ruins, and directly above the church of the parish after which they are named. They appear to have been discovered some time in the twenties of the present century, by a Mr. Scott, who lived in one of the group of houses



CAVES AT HASTINGS: THE SALOON.



CAVES AT HASTINGS.

still known as Gloucester Place. It is said that in digging the foundations for a summer-house at the end of his garden the ground suddenly gave way, and the workmen dropped into a cave. Mr. Scott was a man of resource, for he at once obtained from the ground landlord permission to enlarge the natural cavity, and in this subterranean summer-house he was wont to entertain his friends. On his leaving Hastings, about 1830, "The Caves" were leased to a Mr. Golding, who excavated very extensively, and made of them a show-place for visitors. The earliest "Guide" in which their attractions are mentioned is one dated 1835, and in this the caves are described as "one of the greatest lions of Hastings." In summer, we learn, they were opened to the public once a fortnight, and in winter once a month, the darkness being dispelled by "two hundred candles." Illuminations for a private party cost thirty shillings, but on public days the charge per head was sixpence. Mr. Golding was an enterprising man. He closed the old entrance, which was too high for convenience; opened a new one on a level with the floor of the caves, and cut out of the soft rock (the surface soon hardens by exposure) several galleries of approach to the hollows. He also cut out the large pillared "saloon," a "Cave of Harmony," in which generations of trippers have danced and flirted.

The caves are well worth a visit. In summer they are lighted up every day and evening, but in winter only on two days in the week. The æsthetic visitor, however, will do well to select a day when the dim recesses are lighted only by the cluster of half-a-dozen candles which the guide takes in his hand. The endless succession of Rembrandtish effects as the guide meanders is delightful. Some slight suggestion of these may be gathered from two of our pictures, but the difficulties encountered by a photographer working by flash-lights in a totally dark cavern must be taken into account. No daylight filters into the caves

proper save that which enters by a narrow slit left open at the old entrance; but the whole place is perfectly dry, protected by thick overlying strata of clay and gravel, and the lack of stalactites and stalagmites is amply compensated by the total absence of the damp, stuffy atmosphere which usually affects the underground explorer. Here he will be shown some clever wall-sculptures. "St. Clement," "King Harold," a sepulchral urn, and a life-size statue of Napoleon in the conventional St. Helena attitude. Of the St. Clement and the urn he will be told legends associating them with "early Christian persecutions," but no particular attention need be paid to them. All four sculptures may pretty safely be assigned to the era of the first Reform Bill; but the guide, who tells his story modestly, need not be interrupted by the too well-informed tripper. The author of "The Geology of the Weald" (in the series of "Memoirs of the Survey of England and Wales") says of these caves that "they are believed to be wholly artificial," but this suggestion seems more incredible, if possible, than any hazarded by the humble guide. If Mr. Golding really hewed out these two or three acres of caves after his own designs, he must have been not only a considerable capitalist, but an architect of quite exceptional ability.

The caves have at least once served the turn of the novelist. The scene of "Six Months Hence," by the author of "Behind the Veil" (new edition, Smith and Elder, 1875), is laid in Hastings. Its plot includes a murder, the body of the victim being concealed in an outlying chamber of "St. Clement's Caves." The murderer, who tells his own story, says that he notched the archway of the cave in Malay. "I know not why," he adds, "but the character, with which I was familiar, occurred to me—lest memory should fail." Then he bolted down the hill by the picturesque gangway, which reminds one pleasantly of Amalfi.



CAVES AT HASTINGS: THE CRYPT.

S K E T C H E S . I N C H I T R A L .

By Mr. A. D. Greenhill Gardyne.

There is still constant news being received from Chitral. General Sir R. Low is returning from the fort, and had almost reached Lowari Pass by May 25. Intermittent firing continually reminds the forces of the existence of warlike inhabitants in the districts which they are traversing. Some tribesmen from the Panjkora Valley, recently illustrated in our pages, fired several shots at the pickets at Mundia Khan, and also attacked Jamrud fort on May 21. At Jamrud one sowar was killed and one was wounded. A sentry of the Scottish Borderers had, in self-defence, to shoot a Pathan. It is intended that four companies of the 4th Goorkhas shall compose the garrison which is to remain at Chitral, and these soldiers have arrived. Several of Colonel Kelly's Pioneers have departed from Chitral, taking two mountain guns with them, and are on their journey to Gilgit. Colonel Kelly is leaving the fort which he so valiantly relieved, and presently matters will resume the even tenor of their way where lately all was anxious and threatening. The British post at Mundia Khan, the gate of which is herewith depicted, is a point very frequently assailed by tribesmen, and the sentries have to keep a sharp look-out for stragglers, who fire upon them. It is reported that Umra Khan had a very unfriendly reception—as, indeed, he deserved—at the hands of the Ameer, when he reached Cabul. Our ally told Umra Khan that it was solely because he appealed for his protection as a fellow-religionist that he would permit him to remain in Cabul. The Ameer also is said



GATEWAY OF MUNDIA KHAN.

to have pointed out to Umra, with great severity of tone, that he had acted in very dastardly fashion, and that he had himself to thank for the disaster which had befallen him. As no honours were announced in the Queen's Birthday List as having been bestowed on the officers engaged in the Chitral campaign, it is expected that a separate distribution of promotions and acknowledgments will be made very shortly. The services are rewarded on alternate birthdays, and this year it was the turn of the Navy.

Already the future of Chitral is being discussed. It is hardly likely that it will either be handed over to the Ameer or abandoned. One thing seems clear, and that is that the place would have to be held by the Dir route. The expense, however, of maintaining an extra brigade, whose post would be there, would be considerable. For the tribes in the country all around might prove, by combination, a serious force to contend against. The Russian boundary, according to the Pamir agreement, is now within twelve miles of Chitral. All these facts point to one conclusion. Although in the present low state of Indian finances it seems rash to add a fresh and heavy burden, yet the policy which has been commenced is so important that it might prove still more expensive in the future if it were abbreviated. At any rate, we may be sure that the advice of Lord Roberts and all who know the peculiar circumstances of our Indian empire will be sought ere the Government arrives at any decision upon a question which is undoubtedly very important.



INTERIOR OF A HEADMAN'S HOUSE IN MIAN-KILI.

"This was a rich man's house. He had great store of grain, atta, flour, honey, and other things, with much furniture."



A GOOD CATCH.—G. HAQUETTE.

Exhibited in the Salon des Champs Elysées, 1895.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

But the Russian Professor goes a little further in his inquiries into the physical effects of the divine art. He claims to have proved that on dogs the output of carbonic acid was increased by music by over 16 per cent., and the absorption of oxygen by over 20 per cent. This means increased activity of the organism, of course. It is a curious result, to say the least. For the dog, as often as not, objects in a very decided manner to music, and the increased vital activity in this case, it seems to me, may have just as likely been the result of irritation as of pleasure. The skin, it is found, is increased in its activity as an excreting organ by the influence of music. This is not surprising. The skin sympathises in some people very strongly indeed with the emotions. If I had been told that the secretion of saliva had been increased by music, I should have been in nowise surprised, for everybody knows how, under the influence of strong emotion, this fluid may be checked in its production, or, on the other hand, markedly heightened.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Girls' public physical exercise displays, at which it is shown that they, too, are capable of drilling into form and precision, and that the grace and suppleness of their muscular system compensate for its comparative want of force, are now common enough in London; and parents of good social position do not hesitate to allow their young daughters to take part in such public performances. This is well, for the pressure of even social and domestic life on women in the hurried, highly organised society of to-day demands the fullest development of all their powers, and physiology teaches with no uncertain voice that this must be achieved by exercise in youth: the used brain, the trained muscles, and those alone, are the strong and perfectly developed ones. Miss James, of the North Hackney High School, was one of the pioneers in giving such physical training in a High School, and inducing her girls' parents to allow them to appear in public in their gymnastic dress, her first entertainment being given some twelve years ago. Her pupils gave another crowded public display lately, on behalf of the Poor Children's Holiday Fund. It was truly beautiful to see the lithe, graceful young figures moving in the various exercises, with dumb-bells, wands, and so on. Nobody could doubt the pleasure they took in it, or the benefit of it, nor fail to hope that ere long every girls' school of any pretensions will have its gymnasium and skilled lady-teacher.

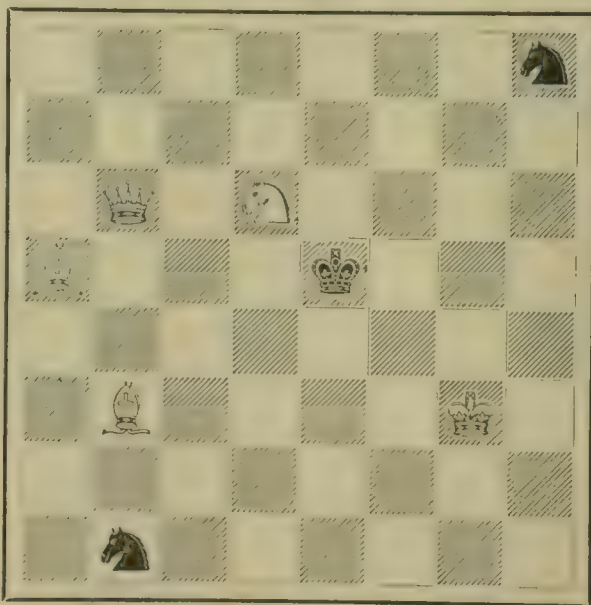
CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CONJECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2068 received from W R Ralliem, J A B L Desanges, Odisha Club, W d'A Barnard (Uppingham), Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), R H Brooks, M E Fre (Folkestone), E Louden, E B Foord (Cheltenham), F A Carter (Malden), R B Tew, R S Barton, F Waller (Luton), J Bailey (Newark), C M B Morton (Leicester), W E S Debenham, Sorrento, W Wright, Ubique, Rev C T Salisbury, Meursius (Brussels), Bryn Melyn, F Leete (Sudbury), F J Candy, T G (Ware), Shadforth, Albert Wolff, W P Hind, John M Robert (Crossgar, County Down), T Roberts, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), Oliver Ieizla, C E Perugini, H Rodney, R Worters (Canterbury), Dr Walitz (Heidelberg), E E H, W K B (Clifton), Fr Fernando (Glasgow), J F Moon, Bobby (East Sheen), B Copland (Chelmsford), J S Wesley (Exeter), H H (Peterborough), Eustace A Stansbury (Oundle), Martin F, J A Humphrey (Shefield), L R Maskell (Hampstead).

By P. H. WILLIAMS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN NEW YORK.

Game played between Messrs. PILLSBURY and SHOWALTER.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th
2. P to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd
3. Q Kt to B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd
4. Kt to K B 3rd	B to K 2nd
5. B to B 4th	

Many authorities commend this move. Others maintain that the Bishop should be kept for defending the Queen's side for some time.

5. Castles
6. P to K 3rd P to Q R 3rd
A poor move at the best of times, but

7. Q to B 2nd P to B 4th

8. Q P takes P	Q P takes P
9. B takes P	B takes P
10. Castles	P to Q Kt 4th

The match between Messrs. Blau and Kohn was a draw, the German master having him staying to see the end of the match.

A chess column has been started of Mrs. I. Gunsberg, and, appropriate to the occasion, a biographical sketch of Mrs. W. J. R.

The programme of the International Brassey Institute, Hastings, is now open for entries from Aug. 5, and the entries are limited to 1000.

the committee may approve. The th
already guaranteed, and it is expect
prizes; while each non-prize winner
game in his score. No amateur co

game in his score. No amateur could have done this. The immediate organisation of this tour was the work of the C.C. made with the Southern Counties' C.C. and the Southern Counties' C.C. championship meeting in the same building.

are still desirous of receiving contributions for the success, and trust that those intended to be yet sent in their amounts, will do so.

Mr. H. E. Dobell 21 Robertson St.

The Metropolitan Chess Club's Game was a close. The prize winners are: Section 1, Mr. A. O'Neill; Section 3, Mr. E.

The competitors were allowed a Kieseritzky, King's Bishop, and Dan and proved advantageous for White.

and proved advantageous for White, choice, gave Black a slight advantage won by two games as compared with

The Highland Society of
 ship of Lord Archibald Campbell

history and antiquity of the
had its effect on nations as

them as well as soothing
worthy of examination.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 17, 1894), with a codicil (dated Feb. 7, 1895), of Mr. John Procter, of 34, Highbury Place, Highbury, who died on April 24, was proved on May 13 by John Thomas Henderson and the Rev. Andrew Mearns, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £57,567. The testator bequeaths £500 each to the London Missionary Society, the London Congregational Union, Mrs. Mearns's Convalescent Home at Folkestone, and the London Congregational Church Extension Fund; £300 to the Great Northern Central Hospital; £250 each to the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the Religious Tract Society; £200 each to Guy's Hospital, the London Hospital, the London Fever Hospital (Liverpool Road), the Charing Cross Hospital, and King's College Hospital; £100 each to the Royal Hospital for Diseases of the Chest (City Road), the Poplar Hospital, the London Temperance Hospital, the North London Consumption Hospital, the Royal Free Hospital (Grays Inn Road), the Cancer Hospital (Fulham Road), the Royal National Hospital for Consumption (Ventnor), the City of London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest (Victoria Park), the London Lock Hospital (Westbourne Green), University College Hospital, the Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital (Blomfield Street), the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission (Adelphi), the Colonial Missionary Society, the Congregational School for the Sons of Ministers (Caterham), the Countess of Huntingdon's College at Cheshunt, the Nottingham Institute conducted by Dr. Paton, Miss Weston's Home for Sailors at Devonport, and Miss Robinson's Soldiers' Institution (Portsmouth); and £50 each to the Metropolitan Hospital (Kingsland Road), the Middlesex Hospital for the use of the cancer ward or patients, the Royal Hospital for Children and Women (Waterloo Road), the Hospital for Sick Children (Great Ormond Street), St. John's Hospital for Diseases of the Skin (Leicester Square), the Evelina Hospital for Sick Children, the Evangelical Protestant Deaconesses' Institution and Training Hospital (Tottenham), the Hospital for Diseases of the Throat (Golden Square), the Institution for the Education of the Daughters of Missionaries (Sevenoaks), the Nicholl Street Ragged Schools (Bethnal Green), and the London Institution for Soldiers (Buckingham Palace Road) conducted by Miss Daniels. Numerous stocks and shares are specifically bequeathed to his nephew Joseph Procter Mann; and there are legacies to relatives, executors, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his executors, upon trust, to distribute the same at such times and in such amounts and proportions, among or for such charitable societies or institutions or purposes as they shall in their uncontrolled discretion think fit.

The will (dated Nov. 15, 1893) of Mr. Thomas Dash Bellamy, of 118 and 99, Jermyn Street, St. James's, Poulterer and Fishmonger, and of Wycombe, Haverstock Hill, who died on March 3, was proved on May 13 by Robert Bellamy, the son, Charles Frederick Bellamy, the brother, William Henry Liversidge, and Arthur Jarratt Liversidge, the executors, the value of the personal estate

amounting to £55,822. The testator leaves his freehold messuages and tenements in Panton Street, upon trust, for his son Robert, his wife and children; his residence, Wycombe, with the furniture and effects, for the use of his unmarried children; £6300, upon trust, for his daughter Annie Sophia Liversidge, in addition to the provision made for her on her marriage; £7500 each, upon trust, for his daughters Nellie and Catherine Dash; £1000 to his brother Charles Frederick, as executor; £100 to his executor Mr. W. H. Liversidge; £1500, upon trust, for his brother George, his wife and children; £1500, upon trust, for his brother James, for life; £100 each to the children of his brothers Charles Frederick and George; £500 to his nephew Charles Langley; and legacies to servants and others. The residue of his property he gives to his son Robert.

The will (dated Jan. 30, 1892) of the Very Rev. William Robert Fremantle, D.D., Dean of Ripon, who died on March 8, at Inglewood, Atterbury Road, Wimbledon, was proved on May 20 by Arthur Henry Leslie Melville and Lord Cottesloe, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £32,238. The testator bequeaths £300 to the Church Missionary Society; £100 each to the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, the Church Pastoral Aid Society, the West Riding Charitable Society for the West Riding of Yorkshire and the City of York, the Bucks General Infirmary, Aylesbury, Jepson's Hospital, Ripon, the Girls' Home, Ripon, and the Ripon Cottage Hospital; and in accordance with the request in the will of his late wife, and "in loving remembrance of Emily Verney," £1000, upon trust, to invest the same and to apply the income towards the maintenance of a cottage hospital in either of the parishes of Middle Claydon, East Claydon, or Steeple Claydon, Bucks. He gives £1000, all his papers, letters, sermons, manuscripts, and pamphlets, and all his horses and carriages, furniture and effects, not otherwise bequeathed, to his wife; considerable legacies to nephews and nieces (members of the Fremantle family); and there are some other bequests. On the death of his wife there are considerable gifts to the Verney family out of the trust funds of his marriage settlement; and also some further legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his niece, the Hon. Louisa Frances Fremantle.

The will (dated March 20, 1894), with a codicil (dated Aug. 24 following), of Mrs. Charlotte Eliza Parker, of 29, Onslow Gardens, who died on March 5, was proved on May 4 by Colonel Granville William Vernon, the nephew, Edward Brooksbank, and William Acton Pegge Burnell, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £30,936. The testatrix gives the oil painting of her late husband, the Right Hon. John Parker, by Sidney Hodges, to the 'Cutlers' Company at Sheffield; and there are bequests to relatives, friends, and servants. The residue of her property she leaves to her said nephew, Colonel Granville W. Vernon.

The will (dated March 4, 1881), with a codicil (dated Jan. 4, 1887, of Mr. Richard Coupland Bergne-Coupland,

D.L., J.P., of Skellingthorpe Hall, Lincolnshire, who died on Feb. 18 at Sevenoaks, was proved on April 22 at the Lincoln District Registry by Mrs. Alice Bergne-Coupland, the widow, and Alexander Bevington, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £26,446. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate, upon trust, for his wife for life, then for his sons as she shall appoint, and in default of such appointment for his sons in equal shares.

The will (dated Dec. 15, 1894) of Mrs. Sophia Goldsmid, of 45, Bryanston Square, who died on March 25, was proved on May 13 by Mrs. Evelyn Isabel Bethune, the daughter and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £20,724. The testatrix bequeaths £100 to the West London Synagogue; £20 each to the Jews' Infant School (Commercial Road, Whitechapel), the Jews' Orphan Asylum (Lower Norwood), the Board of Guardians for the Relief of the Jewish Poor, University College Hospital, and the Hospital for Sick Children (Great Ormond Street); and legacies to relatives, friends, and others. The residue of her real and personal estate she gives to her daughter for her own absolute use and benefit.

The will (dated June 8, 1874) of Colonel Henry Lane, D.L., J.P., retired Bengal Cavalry, of Broad Oak, Bexhill, Sussex, who died on April 1, was proved on May 10 by Mrs. Ellen Henrietta Lane, the widow, and Henry Alexander Lane, the son, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £18,686. The testator bequeaths £1000, a further £1000 to buy furniture, his wines and consumable stores, and certain jewellery to his wife; his emerald and diamond set, and his furniture and effects to go with the Broad Oak settled estate; his horses, live stock, growing crops, etc., to his son who shall succeed to the Broad Oak estate under the will of his father; £27,000, upon trust, for his wife during widowhood (and in the event of her marrying again to pay her £600 per annum for life), and subject thereto as to £1000 for his second son Frederick George, and as to the remainder for all his children in equal shares; £12,000, upon trust, for all his children in equal shares; £5000 to be laid out in the purchase of land to go with the settled estate; and some policies of insurance to children. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, one-third is to be held upon the same trusts as the legacy of £27,000, and two-thirds upon the same trusts as the legacy of £12,000. A certain sum given to his eldest son is to be brought into hotchpotch.

The will of Mrs. Anne Charlton, of Cranmers, Mitcham, Surrey, who died on March 8, was proved on April 11 by the Hon. Henry Edmund Butler, and Sir Thomas Meyrick, Bart., the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £7906.

The will of Mrs. Susannah Godson, of 14, Rutland Gate, Hyde Park, who died on Jan. 11, was proved on April 19 by Augustus Frederick Godson, the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £7099.

The will of Mr. John James Heath Saint, Recorder of

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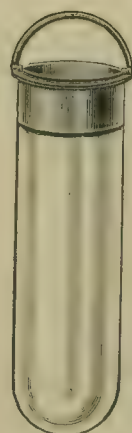
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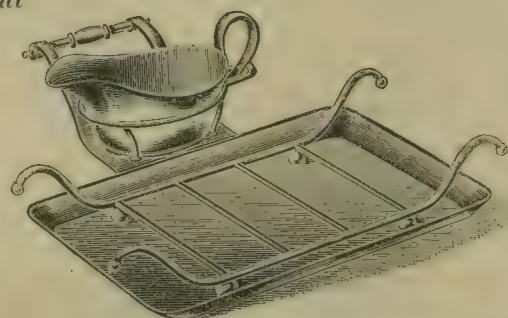
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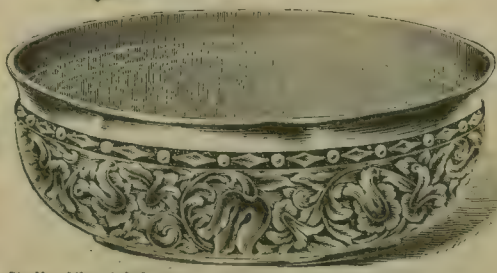


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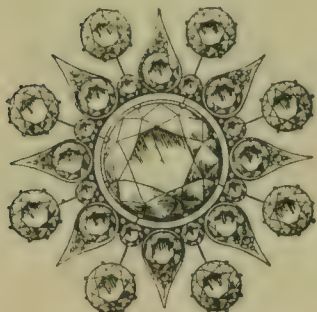
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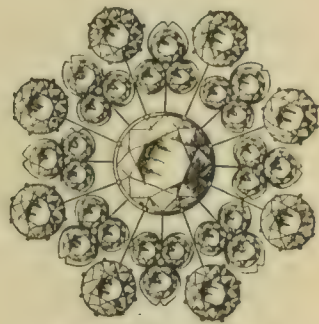
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DESCRIPTIVE BOOKS AND TESTIMONIALS, POST FREE.

Leicester and a revising barrister, of 112, Lexham Gardens, Kensington, who died on March 7, was proved on May 3 by Mrs. Sarah Saint, the widow, George Henry Hopkinson, and Gustav Oscar Unna, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £4344.

The will of Surgeon-General Saville Marriott Pelly, C.B., late of the Bombay Army, of Woodstock Villa, Burnt Ash Hill, Lee, Kent, who died on April 3, was proved on May 13 by Mrs. Jane Billing Pelly, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £2927.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

I have not had the pleasure of seeing Eleonora Duse play *Fédora*, but I am told that Mrs. Patrick Campbell modelled her reading of Sardou's sensual savage on that of the interesting Italian actress. If this be so then I regret to say that both Eleonora Duse and Mrs. Patrick Campbell have both taken the wrong track and lost their way. This craze for new readings has become an affectation. Directly an actress is applauded for a scene and told she is right, up jumps another actress, often of far inferior power and intelligence, to try and prove she is wrong; but in nine cases out of ten the actress merely tries to smother her incapacity with deliberate underacting. Now, the Camille of Eleonora Duse is warmly admired by many excellent judges who have apparently studied the question. I think I may say I have seen every Camille of importance since the characters of Marguerite Gauthier and Armand Duval were created by Mlle. Doche and Focher, and roused the enthusiasm of the gifted Jules Janin. Honestly I have never seen a Lady of the Camillias who less appealed to my imagination and deadened my sympathies than Eleonora Duse. There is a scene in this play that Sarah Bernhardt played to perfection—I mean the scene where Camille, heartbroken, writes a letter to her lover, sobs over it, and moves the whole audience to tears. That is clearly the intention of the author. There he gives the actress a chance. But what does Duse do with that scene? Absolutely ignores it, and virtually cuts it out of the play. She will tell you, no doubt, as all our unimaginative and realism-loving actresses will tell you, that she does not feel the scene that way. Quite so; she does not feel it at all, that way or any other way, and therefore she does not understand the play, which is purely theatrical and sentimental; nor does she understand Camille at all, who is not a calm, reflective, rather dull woman, but a bundle of nerves and a mass of contradictory impulses. Place Duse in "La Locandiera," or the "Cavalleria Rusticana," or "Divorçons," and there she finds plays for her temperament, but "Camille" and such sentimental stuff is not for an actress who has not the capacity for strong feeling and expression. Eleonora Duse's death scene in "Camille" is a marvel of realism—the cough, the groans, the moans, the fretfulness, the petulance, are all borrowed and copied from the sick ward of the hospital. This no doubt is a certain kind of art, but it is not the highest or the noblest art. For my

own part, I prefer the poetical and pathetic death of Sarah Bernhardt, who sinks to the ground from her lover's arms like a ruined lily cut down by an unskilful gardener.

And now I come to "*Fédora*." The most serious of the many contradictory points of Mrs. Patrick Campbell is the ignoring of the letter scene in the third act. A woman who has loved a man passionately, who has believed in him and trusted him, hears that all the time he has been pretending to be in love with her he has had an intrigue with a rival. Nay, more. Into her nervous and jealous hands are placed his love-letters, the evidence of his baseness. Now, what is this woman? A cold, blue-eyed, fair-haired Northern beauty, who could not feel if a dagger were run into her? Not a bit of it! She is a half-tamed savage—a Russian and a demon, an extraordinary mixture of love and hate. And yet Eleonora Duse and Mrs. Patrick Campbell seriously tell us that such a woman, in such a situation, would read these letters as calmly and phlegmatically as if they were invitations to an afternoon party. It is absurd! If Sardou had not wanted passion here, he would not have made his heroine a Russian or called her *Fédora*. This is the result of the craze for new readings and the obstinate determination to rob dramatic literature of sentiment. Who can ever forget that when the late Lord Tennyson wrote that noble little poem, "Crossing the Bar," and said at the last, "Then I shall meet my Pilot face to face, when I have crossed the Bar," there were found men and women seriously to argue that the poet meant by "my Pilot" either Arthur Hallam or his dead son! Is it possible for unimaginative depravity to go further than that? And the astonishing thing is that Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who has deposed "Fédora" for three long acts, turned the play into the baldest prose, robbed it of all effect, glamour, and interest, walked through scenes that ought to be acted, smothered speeches that might be effective—in fact, let the play down for three parts of the evening, suddenly wakes up and gives the last act a charm and a beauty it has never received before. Why is this done? It is not mere carelessness, as in the case of Sarah Bernhardt; it seems a mistaken idea of contrast. It looks as if it were the deliberate aim of the artist to underact and slur over and smother in order to come out strong in the end. I have seen Sarah Bernhardt do this scores of times, but it was unintentional. The other evening in "*Gismonda*" she was comparatively tame and tricky until she came to the love scene with Almerio, which she played as finely as anything she has ever done in her life. And what a love scene it is!—how varied, how full of contrast, how finely written to show the exact temperament of the man and woman, and how splendidly acted both by Sarah Bernhardt and Guitry, who ought to play "*Othello*" to perfection!

And yet if "*Gismonda*" were translated and produced in England, which is not likely to be, I suppose Eleonora Duse and Mrs. Patrick Campbell would ignore the love scene altogether, simply because it has been proved to be effective, simply because it is a love scene, and therefore conventional and commonplace. The acting of Sarah Bernhardt where *Gismonda* tames her savage, humanises her Orson, where this new Queen sends to his knees this

new Ruy Blas, is worth waiting for. The rest may all be "leather and prunella," but this is a moment to be remembered.

Reverting once more to "*Fédora*," I wish for Mr. Beerbohm Tree's sake that Mrs. Patrick Campbell could be persuaded that her reading of the mad Muscovite may be convincing to herself, but is absolutely unconvincing to others. When was it that Mr. Beerbohm Tree's acting came out of the cloud? Why, exactly when *Fédora* began to be *Fédora*, and the actress got inside the play instead of dawdling outside it. When dramatic duets are turned into solos it is very unfair to the forced soloist. How could Mr. Tree, who so thoroughly understands Loris Ipanoff, do much with the great scene of temptation at the end of the second act, or do anything but play a single-handed game in the famous third act, in which poor Loris got the very slightest assistance from *Fédora*? Seeing what Mrs. Patrick Campbell did and suggested in the last act, I have not the slightest doubt that she could play the other acts equally as well and with just as much effect; but being of Italian origin herself, she has got Eleonora Duse on the brain—an artist who defies tradition and example, and only believes in Eleonora Duse. And the art of Duse seems to be the cult of ineffectiveness. She is so much concerned with this marvellous brain-work of hers that she forgets how to walk and move with propriety and grace. Let them all, these contradictory realists, look at the pictures of Bernhardt and Guitry, the countless natural pictures together or separate during that famous love scene in "*Gismonda*." The new *Fédora* is all very well, but I prefer the old. Sardou knows best. He wrote the play, and Sarah Bernhardt acted it to perfection.

THE OPERA.

There are practically only two operas to record for the past week, since "*Falstaff*" clashed with the Mottl concert, and a critic could not attend both if he wished to hear the best of either; and "*Falstaff*" will doubtless soon be repeated. On Friday, May 24, then, an excellent average performance of "*Carmen*" was given, with Mlle Zélie de Lussan as Carmen. Mlle. de Lussan's Carmen is a well-known performance. It is extremely good up to a certain limit, and if it does not attain the splendid *diablesse* of Calvé, it is, at any rate, among the few interpretations of the character that one cares about hearing. Signor de Lucia's Don José was, in parts, extremely dramatic, ranking among his operatic parts as second only to his Canio. The chorus and orchestra were at their ease, and Miss Marie Engle made a delicately charming Michaela.

On Saturday, May 25, a performance of "*Faust*" was made the occasion of Madame Melba's reappearance this season. She sang with all her marvellous purity and exquisiteness of vocalisation, but she did not choose to put forth all her powers. Signor Alvarez was a very distinguished Faust; he acted convincingly, and he sang with singular sweetness and delicacy. M. Plançon's Mephistopheles was, of course, perfectly adequate, and the performance, take it all in all, was a great one.

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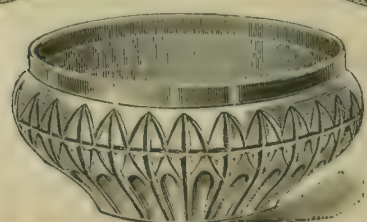
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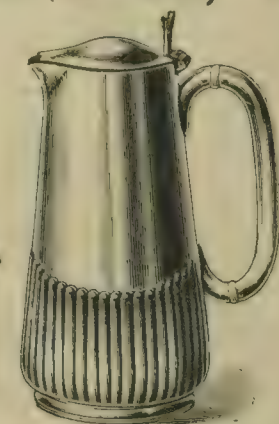


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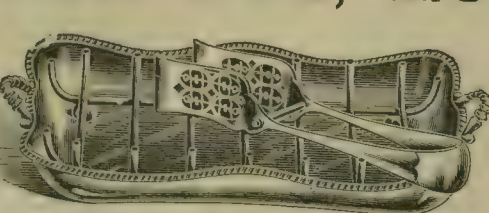
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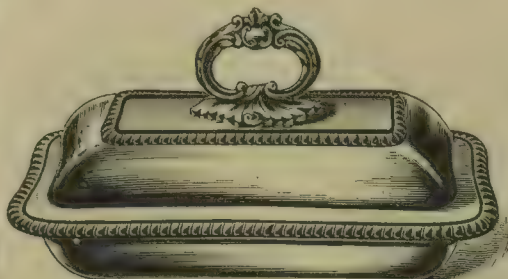


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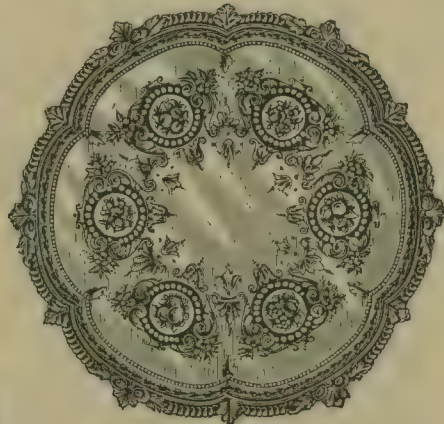


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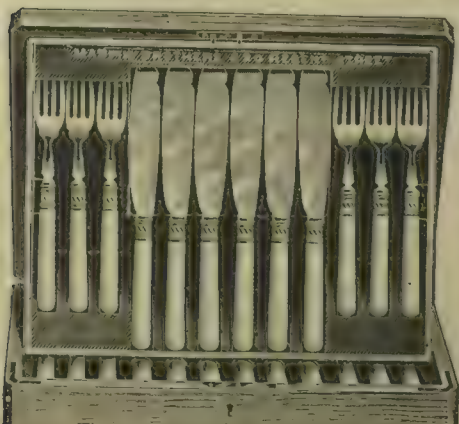
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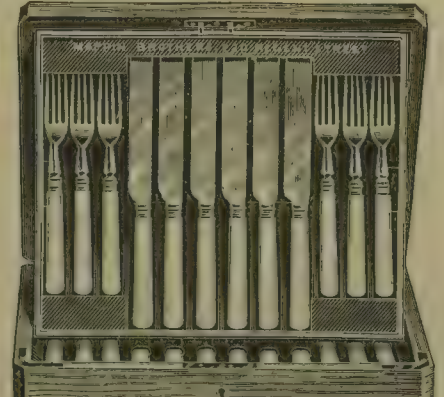


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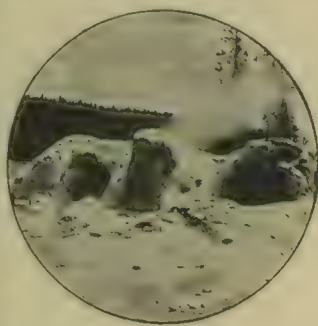
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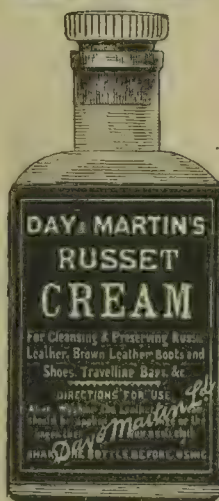
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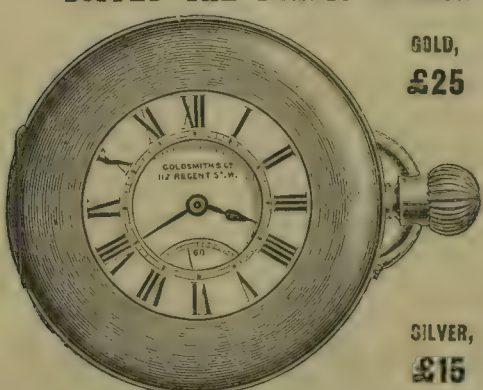
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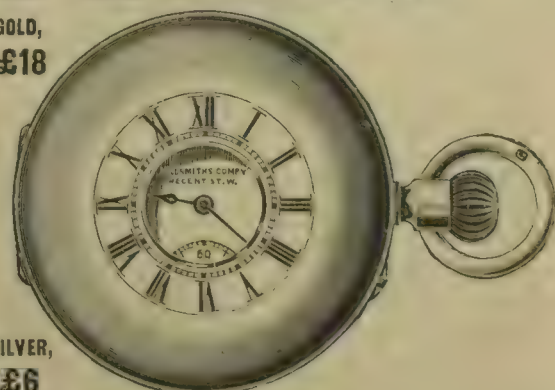
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RECENT MUSIC.

Among Messrs. Novello's most recent publications is the first movement of Handel's "Dixit Dominus," edited by Mr. Sedley Taylor. It is a composition which may presumably be useful to choral societies, and it is with such useful motive that Mr. Taylor has prepared it in handy form. Admiring as we do the ingenuity of the work, we are not prepared to declare that it ranks with even the second-rate compositions that have been signed by the august name of Handel. Tchaikowsky's "Nature and Love" (Novello, Ewer, and Co.) is a pleasant but eccentric little cantata; it is for ever leading you to believe in its immediate sweetness, but invariably turns you away before the point of fulfilment. The same publishers have just issued Mr. A. Somervell's "The Power of Sound," a cantata for soli, chorus, and orchestra; and Mr. G. J. Bennett's "Easter Hymn," written under very similar conditions. Both works show an academic cleverness and a sense of derivative melody. Unfortunately, cleverness, even fullness, are so common nowadays, when knowledge is picked up like sea-shore shells, that they mean now, perhaps, less than they were used to mean of old. The same publishers are responsible also for the issue of several lesser pieces, to which we can only attempt to attach two or three appropriate epithets. Mr. Oliver King's "Morceaux de Salon" have tune and cleverness; Tchaikowsky's "Impromptu: Momento Lirico," for the

piano, is elegantly distinguished; the same composer's "Marche Solennelle" is more pretentious and less melodious than it should be, moulded as it is upon the basis of an excellent idea; his "Valse Scherzo" is, on the other hand, a charming example of civilised barbarism; and his "Marche Militaire" has a certain native energy all its own. M. Emile Sauret's "Trois Morceaux de Salon" (for violin and piano) are brilliant if a trifle vapid; Mr. S. Coleridge Taylor's "Ballade in D minor" (for violin and piano) is elaborate, though somewhat colourless; Mr. J. Hollman, in his "Deuxième Mazurka" and his "Vieille Chanson" shows touches of a fine simplicity; M. Siegfried Jacoby's "Six Bagatelles" (for violin and piano) have a certain melody, particularly in the "Tarentelle" and the "Gavotte"; and to finish the recent issues of these publishers, we must mention a "Gipsy Suite: Four Characteristic Dances," by Mr. Edward German: they are certainly "characteristic," even cleverly so, but they show signs of an ambition that has not been completely attained, a fault that too often distinguishes art that aspires to be particularly "characteristic."

Mr. Edwin Ashdown (London and Toronto) is also responsible for the publication of a few recent musical works, the chief being Mr. Fred Harper's four brief pieces: "Promenade," "Romance," "Wedding Bells," and "Round Dance." He artlessly explains that these "Album Leaves"—the general title of the compositions—are "four short pieces without octaves"; and the same artlessness certainly communicates itself to their actual workmanship.

They are pretty in a way, but—what more can be said?—artless. Two waltzes—one "Valse Impromptu," the other "Valse Interrompue"—by M. Ignace Gibsone, from the same publishers, are pretty and attractive, but not much more than this; and a "Vecchio Menuetto," by M. Anton Strelezki, is a pleasant example of not very recondite trifling.

A good deal of capital has been laid out lately in Buluwayo and other parts of Matabililand, and enterprises are said to be much more prosperous in consequence. The stream of emigrants continues to flow in the direction of South Africa, diverted for the time being from Australasia. Settlers are "pegging out claims" outside the towns already founded, and the population of Matabililand is increasing.

Mr. Basil H. Thomson, the tutor of the Crown Prince of Siam, has given a deeply interesting account of "The Land of the White Elephant" in the June number of the *Minster*. Of Prince Maha Najiravudh he writes: "He is learning to obey in order to command, and the seed now sown in so fertile a soil must some day bear fruit. But it is the first experiment of the kind, and time alone will show whether the fruit be good or bad. Instead of Latin and Greek, which are not the dead languages of the East, the Prince is being taught finance and international law, but in other respects he is taking up the ordinary subjects taught at a public school."

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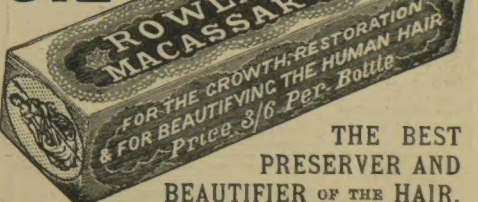
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THE FRENCH IN MADAGASCAR.

The French have begun their forward movement into the interior. Towards the close of April a reconnaissance found the Hovas in force at Marovoay, the first town of importance on the Ikopa. The attack was made on May 2 by the naval division, the Mevatanana column, and the Mahabo detachment. Since then the advanced guard of the former has pushed forward to Beseva, a point south-west of the river, and the latter has reached Androto, to the south-east, after another engagement en route. The loss sustained was trifling, though heavier in the smaller and less important encounter. The Hovas suffered severely at Marovoay, losing, according to French accounts, several hundred men, some cannon and machine-guns, and a

quantity of stores and ammunition. The cannon were not of much consequence, as they were old pieces presented to Radama I. years ago by our own King George, and they were not properly mounted. But the loss of the machine-guns is serious, as they are of far more use for the defence of the passes than anything else. If the Hovas still intend to resist to the death, as the Queen's message just received through the representative of the *Daily Telegraph* would again seem to indicate, they have made a great mistake in permitting the French so easy a victory at Marovoay. It is a most important place, situated almost at the junction of the Ikopa and the Betsiboka, reachable by boats of considerable draught, and it gives the enemy a capital base, as well as complete control of the river. The difficulties of the expedition,

however, are only just commencing. The country through which General Metzinger's troops have to pass before seizing Mevatanana, the real base for the upward climb to the highlands of the interior, is a very difficult one, full of swamps and prickly cane-bush, swarming with mosquitoes, which are as great a nuisance by day as they are by night, with here and there a nasty bit of broken hilly forest land, quite easy for a determined foe to defend. If the Hovas can only keep their enemies in these pestilential lowlands for any appreciable length of time, and constantly threaten the line of communication when they can no longer present a front to a forward movement, they will do more towards checkmating them than venturing to defend even well-fortified positions higher up country. Meanwhile, the cost of the expedition amounts to over £6,000,000.

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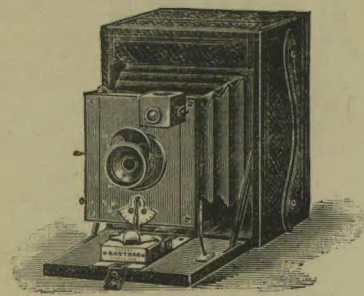
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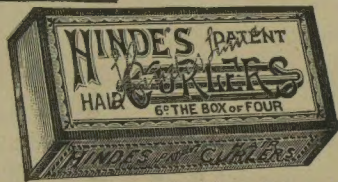
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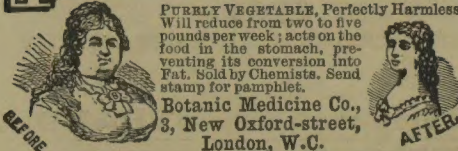
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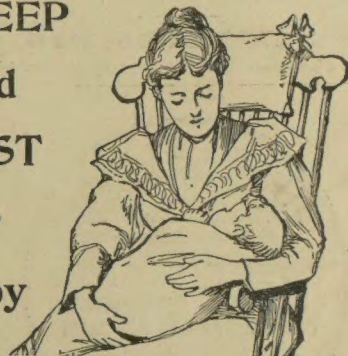
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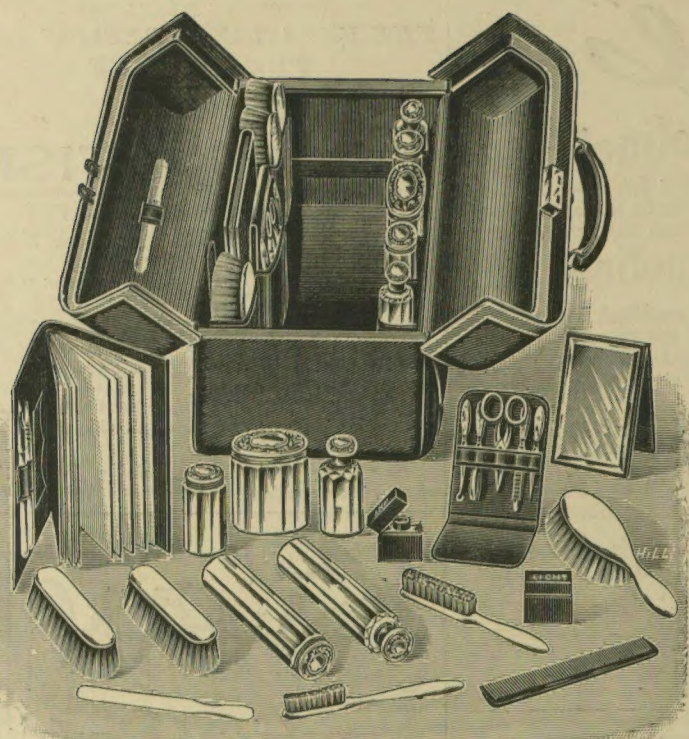
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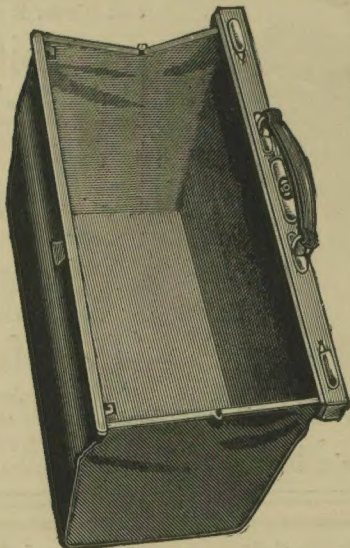
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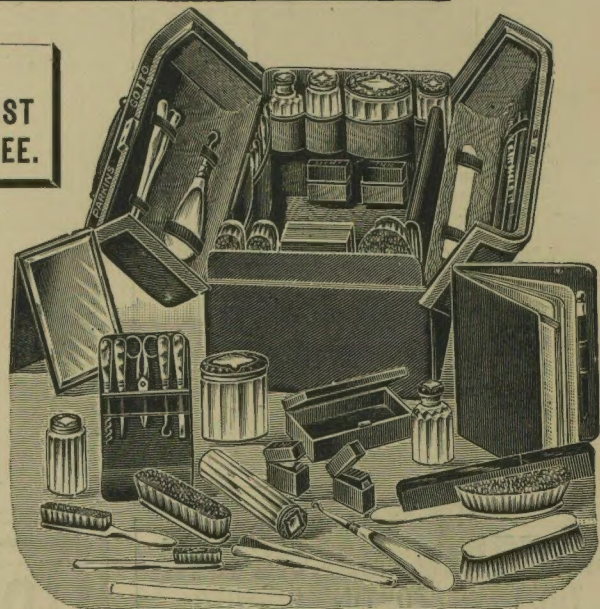
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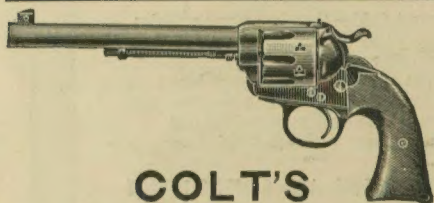
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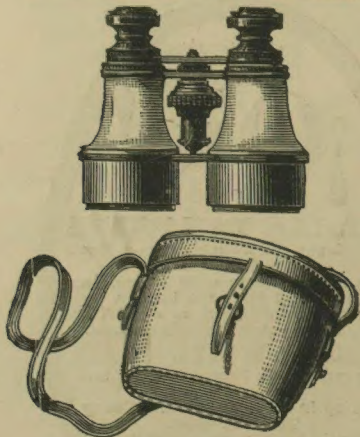
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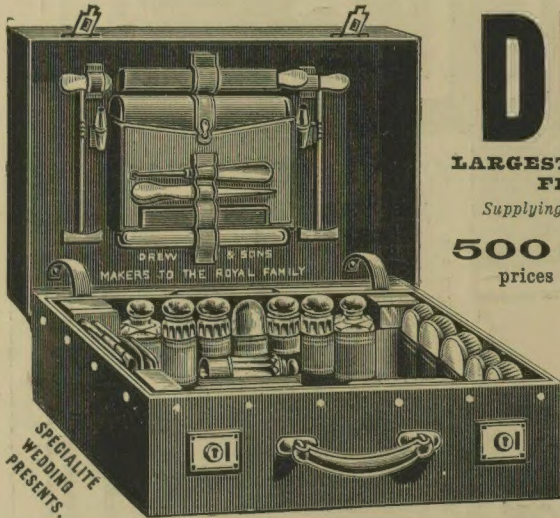
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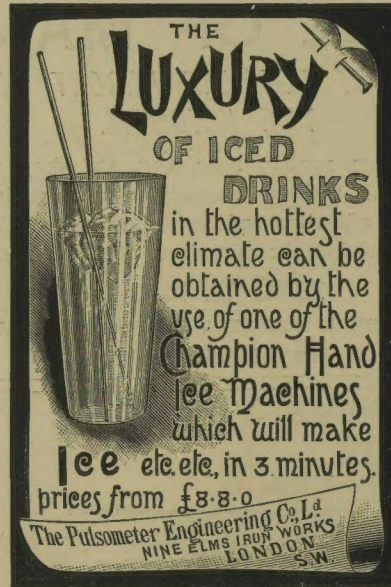
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